NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE FRANK QUEEN EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

BISDON DEL. SC.

VOL. IX.—No. 48. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862. PRICE FOUR CENTS.

A SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HUNKY BOY.

AIR—"*Annie of the Vale.*"

FORT DONELSON is taken,
The rebels they are shaken,
Old Tennessee is now in Union hands,
The rebels we have routed,
And General Floyd has scouted,
He stole away in spite of all our plans.
CHORUS— Come, come, come, Jeff, come,
Come with your old Beauregard;
We'll thrash you so nicely,
And treat you so kindly,
You won't go back on old Abe very hard.

We've borne with you fondly,
And we'll now whip you soundly;
Although you think, perhaps, McClellan can't:
Our biggest guns are blowing,
Our balls they are throwing,
We offer to you all a General Grant.
CHORUS— Come, etc.

We've softened your Pillow,
We'll lay you neath the willow,
Your old Confed has nearly busted through,
Your niggers and your cotton,
Will all be forgotten
When Stanton presents his Billet-Doux.
CHORUS— Come, etc.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

"Did he go out after you came in, Richard?"

"No—I have not seen him."

"Then the old gentleman must have got sleepy and gone up to bed; you will excuse me, Mr. Grim, but I have several little matters to arrange."

"Oh, madam, certainly."

"And now, sir, are you satisfied?" asked Hudson, when they were, as he fancied, alone again.

"Yes. This deed is perfect, it has two witnesses. (Grim was wrong, it had *three*). Yes, 'tis all correct. Ah, Mr. Hudson, it is a pleasure to do business for a man so easy as you are."

"Grim, you have that will?"

"I have."

A form came out from the window.

"I always carry it with me," continued the lawyer, taking a huge bundle of papers from his breast pocket. The form stepped slowly down. "Let me see; notes, bills, bonds, deed. Oh! the will is——"

"Here!" said a deep, manly voice, and an iron hand tore the papers from the grasp of the lawyer.

As if stung by hidden scorpions, did Mr. Grim and Hudson spring to their feet, and turning hastily around, confronted Mark Winter.

For a moment all three of the parties were still; then, with a bound, Grim strove to seize his papers; but Winter caught him by the arm, and sent him whirling into a corner.

"My papers! my papers!" cried the lawyer.

"Scoundrel!" cried Richard Hudson, "how dare you thus intrude in my premises? Deliver up those papers, and leave the house, sir."

"Mister Hudson, these ere premises belongs by right to Mr. Lorromer."

"My papers!" screamed the lawyer.

"Will you give up the papers?" demanded Hudson, fiercely.

"No!" was the cool, decided answer.

"Beware, Mark Winter, do not provoke me." Hudson put his hand in his breast.

"My papers," cried Grim.

"See here, Mr. Hudson," said Mark, striding forward and seizing Hudson by the arm, "see here; it won't do for you to go to drawin' any pistols here—'twon't do. You can't have these papers, so don't talk any more. I want to talk to this specimen of a digger over here," approaching Grim. "Now, you condemned, skin-flinted, mean specimen of human natur, git up here. I'm goin' to question you. Git up and look me in the eye."

"Well, sir," said Grim. Hudson had fallen into a chair, with his head buried in his hands.

"In the first place, how much was you paid for this ar little job?"

"Job, sir?"

"Yes—the two wills. Answer me, sir."

"But a trifle, I assure you."

"Secondly—answer me directly, or an officer shall be summoned—who put you up to this?"

"No one, sir."

"Have you no accomplice?"

"I- I—have an—"

"His name?"

"Colonel Herman Cashton."

"Enough. Hark ye, Mr. Grim, you may go; I'll trouble you no more just at present. Hudson, you've been more sinned against than sinning; so cheer up a little. I'll go find Lorromer, and we'll talk this over, and I've no doubt a division or something like that will be arranged." And seizing his hat, Mark was preparing to go, when he was seized by Grim, who, with an imploring look, cried—

"My papers!"

"No. I'll keep these and look over them."

Mr. Grim spoke not to Hudson, but went home very sad, to find Mary ill of a brain fever.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HOUSE OF ASSIGNATION.

When, as related at the conclusion of chapter twentieth, the supposed boy, Robert, had announced himself, or herself, rather, to be none other than Susan Winter, Col. Cashton was so astounded that he was utterly unable to speak for a moment. At length, however, he managed to gasp out—

"You—Susan—Winter?"

"I am," replied she, smiling at his astonishment.

"Well, well. Now I look at you, I see that you are indeed Susan; but this disguise?"

"The cutting of my hair—an olive hue put on my face—the removal of my long eyelashes—and this small silver ring on my tongue, to change my voice, was all that was needed."

"By my faith, Susan, you look gloriously handsome in your male attire;" and the Colonel's eyes wandered gloatingly over her form.

"Col. Cashton, are you prepared to keep your promise?" asked Susan.

"Promise?"

"Yes; that you would do aught that Susan Winter begged of you to do."

"Yes, yes; and so I will."

"Col. Cashton, let me leave this place, then."

"Leave, so soon? Nay, you are uncourteous."

"Great Heavens! will you not release me?"

"Release you? What an intensely ridiculous idea," laughed the villain.

"Col. Cashton," and the maiden was in tears.

"In tears?" 'tis well. Hark ye, Susan Winter. For two long years have I striven, by fair and foul means, to make you mine; your love for that love-sick fool, Lorromer, has hitherto foiled me. Now, by the merest chance, I have you in my power. Think you, then, I shall open the cage, and let the bird escape? Never, Susan Winter, and mark well what I say; you never leave this house, except it is to surrender yourself to be my wife in all but the name. Remember."

"Then, Colonel Cashton," said Susan, "I shall ever live here."

"As you please. What, ho! there, Stiles."

"All right, Captain," said the estimable Stiles, as he entered the room.

"Let the closest watch be kept on this boy, let him not stir from the house nor his room; give him the best of attention, but remember to keep him a close prisoner."

"All right, Captain. Come along my young covey."

Glad to escape the persecutions of Cashton, Susan hastened after Stiles.

"We shall meet again," said the Colonel, "and she shall yet be mine."

As for Susan, she had thrown herself upon her rude couch, and was buried in deep thought.

It was not long ere the dim foreshadowing of a plan came into her mind, and as the drowning man clutches at emptiness, so did she seize on this idea until she had formed within her brain a scheme by which she might escape the thraldom in which she was now placed.

The next day, Wednesday, she received, through Stiles, a large bundle of garments fitted to her sex. The burly ruffian was considerably astonished on finding his prisoner to be a woman, but he kept this to himself, and quietly obeyed the orders given him by the Colonel.

This same day Susan was visited by the Colonel, when he informed her of his purpose to fleece Harry through the medium of the gaming table that night.

On Thursday the Colonel was delighted to perceive that his prisoner softened a little, and on Friday afternoon, she was still more yielding.

That evening, at ten o'clock, Susan Winter consented to deliver up her person to the Colonel.

The reader must not suppose, however, that she really entertained such a notion. No. Her purpose was this. Being fully aware that Cashton would not endeavor to make himself her master, in that house, on account of the low characters by whom they were surrounded, Susan had conceived that on the Colonel's taking her from the house, she could by some means escape. It would not have done, however, to have given up immediately; but, as we have seen, she tampered with the Colonel for two days. The result proved her anticipations to be correct. Transported with delight on receiving her consent, the Colonel immediately bade Stiles to order a carriage, and poured into the unwilling ears of Susan protestations loud of his unswerving fidelity and love.

Soon all was ready. The two stood in the hall, and Susan stepped eagerly toward the front door. Her quick motion did not escape the Colonel's notice, and like lightning did a thought strike him.

"She may change her mind; I must secure her." He then took a small sponge from the parlor, and approaching Susan, thrust the sponge under her nose. Reeling like a drunken woman, she fell insensible.

* * * * * * * * *

When the unfortunate girl recovered her consciousness, she found herself lying upon a large bed, in a splendidly furnished apartment; by the side of the couch was seated Colonel Cashton, waiting impatiently for her to arouse. Imprinting a kiss upon her lips, he cried—

"My dear, dear Susan, the hour prayed for so long is here at last."

"Great Heavens! where am I?" cried the maiden, springing to her feet.

"Where, my dear girl? in the very respectable house of my friend, Mrs. Brown."

Like a frightened fawn Susan sprang to the door, but it was locked.

"What! you would escape; 'tis as I thought, a trick—but my dainty maiden it recoils on yourself, for you are here, here in my power," and Cashton rose and walked towards her.

"No, no," she cried, and uttered piercing screams.

"Scream away," laughed the Colonel, "there'll be no attention paid to it." Even as the Colonel spoke there was a sound as of heavy footsteps rapidly ascending a stair-case, and in a moment more the door was thrown violently open, and a strong arm seized Cashton, and sent him whirling.

"At last, dear Susan, I have found thee," and she fell sobbing and wailing into Mark Winter's arms, while St. Cecil was gazing on the scene in the doorway. But we must go back a little.

Mark Winter, on his leaving the house of Richard Hudson, immediately proceeded to seek for Lorromer, in order to put him in full possession of the facts of the case as regarded the wills.

Failing to find him at his house, and learning that he was out with a party, Winter spent the evening in an unavailing search, when, as he was going through Leonard street, he chanced to stumble on St. Cecil.

It will be remembered that the latter gentleman had left the party who were "out on the loose," at the corner of Broadway and Canal street, from thence he had visited two or three questionable resorts in Leonard street, and happened by chance to be coming from the assignation house of Mrs. Brown, at the same time that Cashton was entering it with Susan Winter in his arms. He had gone but a few steps further, when he met Mark, and immediately informed him of this fact. St. Cecil was considerably surprised to see Winter dash forward like lightning, hastily ascend the stoop of the brilliantly-lighted palace, and give the bell such a tremendous jerk that the pull came off in his hands.

A slide was partly opened in the door, but the negress stationed there refused to admit Mark. A word from St. Cecil, however, had the desired effect, and the two gentlemen stood in the hall. Mrs. Brown herself, somewhat alarmed at the extraordinary noise, came forward, and Winter roughly demanded the whereabouts of the Colonel and his companion. Frightened and dismayed, the woman told him, at the same time begging him not to make any disturbance in her house. And well she might, for beneath her roof that night a certain M. C. was snugly in bed with a Baltimore lady, a well-known pastor up town, famed for his denunciations of physical sports, was calmly reposing in the arms of the wife of one of his congregation, a Fifth Avenue heiress was fondly embracing a young mechanic, and a gray-haired banker was snoring in unison with a frail one.

When Colonel Cashton was so violently hurled over the bed by Winter, a bitter execration burst from him, and springing to his feet he drew from his breast-pocket a revolver, and levelled it point blank at the head of the Californian; the Colonel's finger was already on the trigger, and Winter was a doomed man, when St. Cecil, by a rapid movement, threw his hat full into the face of Cashton, causing his arm to swerve, and the bullet lodged in the panel of the door.

Like an aroused lion, the dandy sprang upon the baffled villain, and with a sudden and fierce wrench tore the "Colt" from Cashton's hands.

"Aw, my dear sir, drawing pistols aint the thing, you know," said St. Cecil, in his usual drawling tone.

"Devil," cried Mark Winter, "were your life worth it, I would take it; but know, sir, that your rascalities are known, and to-morrow you had better leave this place, or there'll be a muss atween you and the law."

In a moment after, Winter, Susan (still too much exhausted to speak) and St. Cecil, left the house, and entering a carriage were rapidly driven up through Church and Wooster streets, where another incident befel them.

"Foiled, discovered," muttered the baffled Colonel; "then nought remains but his life," and he left the house; and springing into a coach, bade the driver to proceed hastily to the house in Wooster street.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RACE AND THE RESULT.

Eva Darling had but just retired to rest on this eventful night, when the stopping of a carriage attracted her attention; a moment after, she heard the voice of the Colonel, and a rough voice in the entry.

"Mark me, Stiles," said the Colonel, "let the blow be sure."

"All right, Captain," answered Stiles, who by chance was passing the Colonel's door, at the moment the latter descended from his carriage, and whom Cashton had dragged into the house.

"Let there be no hesitation," said the Colonel.

"Oh, no, I've done these things afore," answered Stiles.

"It is well—a thousand dollars, remember—at your service, on the completion of the task."

"All right—to-morrow shall see Lorromer a dead man."

"Lorromer? No, no, not him—you mean not to slay him," suddenly shrieked Eva Darling, as she opened her room door and rushed into the passage.

"Back to your room, woman," cried Cashton.

"My room! when you would kill him. Never."

"Eva, back, I say, back," cried the Colonel, and he raised his hand in his anger.

"Strike, if you will," screamed the woman, "but I go forth to warn him," and she started for the stair-case.

"Stop her, Stiles!" thundered Cashton, and the willing tool caught the shrinking woman in his grasp.

"Devil!" she cried, "release me. You shall not slay him, you shall not slay him! Release me, I say!" and in her almost superhuman strength, she tore herself from the grasp of the villain. With but few steps did she reach the bottom of the staircase.

Like a lion, Cashton sprang after her, and raising a dagger high in the air, thundered, "Stop, I say, or your life shall be the penalty!"

Her hand was on the door knob, but Cashton's fierce grip was on her throat.

"Why, why will you kill Lorromer?" she cried, as she battled with the Colonel in her excitement.

"What is that to you? To your room, I say!"

"Never! while his life is imperilled!"

"Then die!" cried Cashton, and again he raised his dagger.

A shrill scream broke from her lips, the door was violently thrust open, and Harry Lorromer dashed into the hall.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!" cried Eva.

"Colonel Cashton, what means this?" cried Harry.

"It means villain, that your time has come!" shouted Cashton, his rage now being ungovernable.

"My time? What ails you?" asked Harry.

"What ho! there, Stiles, I say," cried the Colonel.

"Fly, fly! I implore you!" cried Eva.

"Seize him! seize him! I say!" shouted Cashton, and ere Harry could raise an arm, Stiles and Cashton threw themselves upon him, and by a sudden movement hurled him to the floor.

To stuff a handkerchief in his mouth was the work of a moment; to bind his arms with another kerchief occupied another; and then Cashton, looking around, discovered that Eva was missing.

"Quick! Stiles!" he shouted; "into this carriage with him." The Colonel's coach was still at the door, and Harry was forced into it.

"To Broome street" shouted the Colonel, as he and Stiles entered the vehicle, and the driver at once comprehending—for he was one of the gang of which Stiles was the chief, and was the one who had driven Susan and the Colonel to Mrs. Brown's—whipped up his horses, and drove rapidly to the desired locality.

These events occupied much less time in their execution than in the narrating of them.

Eva, as the reader has doubtless already surmised, on beholding Harry in the power of his enemies, had fled from the house in quest of assistance. By a fortuitous circumstance she directed her steps up the street.

Few people were out, for, as we have seen, the night was a very cold one; but Eva heeded not the atmosphere, though she was devoid of all clothing, save her night garments. For two blocks did she speed, until just at the corner of Houston street she saw a carriage broken down, and the driver endeavoring to adjust it. Two gentlemen and a lady were standing by. To these did she rapidly fly, and catching sight of St. Cecil, she gasped,

"You, you—I have seen you with him."

"Dem it, what the devil have we here?" cried St. Cecil.

"Will you save him?" cried Eva.

"Save who? What's the matter with you, woman?" cried St. Cecil, in astonishment.

"Lorromer. Harry."

"Harry Lorromer!" echoed Winter.

"Speak, tell me, is he in danger?" suddenly cried Susan, starting forward.

"Danger! He will be murdered!"

"Murdered!" echoed all three.

"Yes—if you would save him, follow me!" and Eva turned back towards her own home, closely followed by our three friends. Harry had left the house, and it was vacant.

"Oh! they will slay him, they will slay him!" cried Eva, wringing her hands.

"Who? Who are they?" cried Winter.

"The fiend, Cashton!" answered Eva.

"Cashton!" cried Susan Winter. "Haste with me, my dear uncle; he may be where I was confined."

"Do you know where 'tis, gal?" asked Mark.

"Yes, yes; I overheard Cashton and his man talking one day, and I gained a knowledge of the locality," cried Susan.

"Let us hasten then," said Mark.

* * * * * * * * * *

The reflections of Harry in the carriage were anything but pleasant. His rencontre with Cashton had completely sobered him—for we must admit that Harry had been a little lushy. He could form no idea of the reasons for the singular treatment he was then undergoing. It will be remembered that as yet Harry knew nothing of the discovery of Cashton's treachery, and he was totally at a loss to conceive how he could have provoked that individual's enmity.

His suspense was soon to end, however, for ere long the carriage stopped. The door was opened, and he felt himself seized and dragged into a hall. On looking around, he discovered that he was in a large, wide entry, with a door opening into a comfortably furnished parlor. Into this did Cashton lead him, and then he removed the gag from Harry's mouth.

"And now, Colonel Cashton," said he, "I demand to know the reason of this unpardonable outrage?"

"I will tell you," cried Cashton, fiercely. "Twenty-five years ago, your father, my class-mate, disgraced me before my companions. He struck me, sir. I challenged him, and in the duel he deprived me of this eye. Three years subsequent, he robbed me of a being dearer to me than life—your mother; I have her portrait here," and the Colonel produced the locket that Stiles had robbed Harry of.

"Villain!" cried Lorromer, "you are a burglar."

"What e'er I am, I have the locket. Deformed, disgraced, and betrayed by John Lorromer, I took an oath that after twenty years I would be amply revenged. I went away, and became—no matter what. I returned to find thy hated father and thy mother, dead. You alone were left on whom I could wreak my vengeance."

"Devil!" cried Harry.

"You waste your breath. To consummate that vengeance I waited patiently. Two years elapsed; an opportunity at length came; 'tis to me you owe the loss of your uncle's fortune, and through that your fair Louise; 'twas I that prompted you to dissipation."

"Villain, devil, release me!" cried Harry, madly struggling.

"Shout on," cried Cashton. "In these plans I have been successful; but that intermeddling fool, Winter, this night foiled me in a long cherished hope. Discovery was inevitable, and I determined on your death."

"Oh! villain, villain, were I but free!"

"Struggle on, you have but little time to live."

"Captain, that she-tigress and some people are at the door!" suddenly cried Stiles, rushing into the room.

"D—nation, am I tracked?" cried Cashton, and, as he heard a fierce knocking on the door, with a bound like a tiger he sprang upon Harry, and raising a knife high in air, shouted:

"Die, thou son of an accursed race!"

The Colonel's benevolent intention was foiled, however, for at that moment Harry burst the threads of the handkerchief that bound him, and, by a powerful effort, caught the murderous arm midway in air.

At the same instant the front door was thrown violently open, and St. Cecil, with Winter and the two women, dashed into the room.

"Foiled again!" cried Cashton, grinding his teeth in his rage. He sprang to a case resting on the mantel, and, taking a pistol therefrom, discharged its contents at Harry. Eva, the gentle, penitent Eva, had seen his motive, and, as he fired, sprang before him she loved, and received the contents in her bosom. With a heavy groan she sank to the floor.

Amid the confusion Cashton fled from the room, and with Stiles and Costy left the house.

Pausing for an instant only to raise Eva, and place her in Susan's arms, the three men dashed after the retreating villains.

Down, down to the river they sped. A boat lay at the end of the pier; into this Cashton and his comrades sprang; a stroke with a knife severed the painter. Instantly Costy and Stiles seized a pair of sculls, and pulled rapidly from the dock. They were not a second too soon, for almost instantly their pursuers appeared on the string-piece.

"They're off," cried Mark; "another boat, quick!" and looking around, a small one was discovered half-way under the dock. Into this our three friends rushed; St. Cecil and Harry seizing a pair of sculls each, bent to their work with an energy little to be expected from persons of their habits.

On, on they sped—past Houston Street Ferry, along the long line of docks—on, on, with the speed of the wind almost.

"A thousand dollars if we escape them," cried Cashton, and his boatmen redoubled their efforts. On, on, past Tenth Street Ferry, 23d street, the shot tower—and they were in the swift running channel between Blackwell's Island and the city, and now into the Harlem river, where the water ever runs smoothly.

"By heavens! they gain on us," cried Cashton.

On they fly—and then they stretch away for Macomb's Dam.

"Oh! for a pistol;" cried Cashton.

"There's one in my pocket, Captain," answered Stiles.

Eagerly the Colonel seized it, and stood erect in the stern of the boat.

Carefully his eye glanced along the bright barrel, and he pulled the trigger. A sudden jerk of the oars,

however, discomposed him, and the bullet went wide of the mark.

"Ah! that's your game, is it?" cried Winter, and he rose, and with Cashton's own pistol, (taken from him at Mrs. Brown's) levelled at the Colonel, who was standing erect; there was a flash—a report—the Colonel screamed—swayed to and fro, and plunged forever in the calm, dark waters of the Hudson.

* * * * * * * * *

The ill-fated Eva Darling lived but a few moments after Cashton's shot, and died in Susan's arms, breathing a prayer for Harry. From some statement made by Stiles, it appeared that Cashton was the chief of an extensive gang of villains. Stiles and Costy were arrested and convicted for various crimes, and while under conviction the former made the above statement to Harry. He also related the particulars of the struggle of Eva with Cashton, and of the abduction of Susan. Susan's story produced much effect on Harry. He had always admired her, and when he found how deeply she had loved him, a warmer feeling sprang up in his breast, and they were married. Mrs. Winter was much annoyed at the return of Susan, and when the story of the two wills was told her, she went nearly frantic. Harry was very lenient with Hudson, allowing him a sufficient sum to establish a small business, by which he manages to live comfortably. Gus. and Emma Winter were married some time since, and he has sobered down. Poor Mary Grim fell a victim to the brain fever. She died blessing the supposed D'Orsay. As for her seducer, Fenner, he is still the same. Our readers can see him any night by visiting ——'s theatre, where he plays moral young men, and rakes, and hypocrites. St. Cecil is the same drawling man, and often tells of his grand rowing match. Harry lives a wiser and a better man. Mark Winter is happy and contented, having made Susan his heiress. And now, kind reader, a few last words. For some time we have sailed in company. But few of the places we have visited are imaginary, but few of the characters ideal. If they have contributed any to your amusement, the author is satisfied, and so, adieu!

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BIG OX.—In our last, in answer to a correspondent at Old Point Comfort, we stated that, no doubt the publication of his question relative to the heaviest ox, would bring out the fact from those who are better posted in such affairs than we profess to be. We now learn that the Massachusetts ox will have to hide its diminished corpus, and permit the great "Kentucky ox" to take the first place. The following letter from Messrs. O'Meara & Fahy, of stalls, 10, 11, and 12, Centre Market, Rochester, gives the particulars:—"Rochester, March 5, '62—FRANK QUEEN—The CLIPPER for this week has a question concerning heavy oxen. Allow us to inform you that on the 20th of February, 1852, we slaughtered the Clay ox, which weighed 4200 lbs., alive. This ox was raised in Kentucky, and bought at two years old by Mr. John Burns, of Penfield, Monroe County, and fattened by him until seven years old, when we purchased him, and sold the meat here, the most of it for 25 cents per pound. We were not particular about weighing his beef, but for curiosity sake I weighed one quarter, which turned the scale at 702 lbs. His tallow weighed 301 lbs. In proof of the above we can give the most ample testimony. We also bought from Mr. John Burns, three sheep, the dressed weight of which was 175 lbs, each One of them weighed 203½ lbs."

CRIBBAGE, Fair Haven, MASS.—"A and B are playing, A deals, holds four fives, turns Jack, and claims 30 holes. B says that 29 are all that are allowed by Hoyle. How is it?".....A was entitled to 30 holes, because, by turning up the knave, he could score "two for his heels," whereas, had he (A) held the knave of trumps in his hand, he would only have been entitled to "*one* for his nob," Hoyle says, and correctly, that 29 is the most that can be held, and A in this case so far as his actual hand was concerned, could only take 28 therefor, because the "two for his heels" is by no means a part of the hand, but is one of the privileges accorded to the dealer, and the two points are taken at once; but the points for the hand are not taken until after the hand has been played.

JOHN BROWN, Lowell.—"The Paris Bourse is firm at 71f. 40c" signifies that the Consolidated French Bonds (Rentes) are selling on the Paris Stock Exchange for 71 francs and 40 centimes. They bear three and a half per cent interest, and stand in a similar relation to the French Government that the British Consols bear to the British Government. 40 centimes would be four tenths of a franc, and a franc is a very small fraction short of nineteen American cents.

J. R. S., Cincinnati.—We should advise you to begin to pay some attention to your physical development at once. Begin with short running, or gymnastic exercises, have a set-to with gloves occasionally, and use the dumb bells daily. Let the work be light at first, and increase as your strength improves. You ought to make a slasher.

J. J. P., Bellefontaine.—There are several varieties of India rubber boats, and it is questionable whether they can be folded up small enough to answer your purpose; besides, in warm weather, if kept rolled up for any length of time, they are apt to stick. However, we will make inquiry as to the proper kind of boat for the service required.

F. C., Fortress Monroe.—1. Send your letter in our care, and we will post it for you. 2. High, Jack, goes out before low game. 3. The one left of the dealer has that privilege. 4. The flush containing the highest cards is the better hand. 5. We presume the two years soldiers are entitled to the bounty.

YOUNG DRAMATIST.—1. Personally we know nothing against the lady. There may be some truth in the reports concerning her; and then, again, they may be somewhat exaggerated. Where there is so much smoke, however, it is quite probable there must be some fire. 2. She is not married.

DAMON, Philad'a.—The lady you inquire after is and has been for some time past, at the Lyceum Theatre Royal, London, as all regular readers of our "General Summary" are well aware.

T. J. McG., Maryland.—Those who have enlisted for three years or the war, can be held until the war is over, even if it should last ten years or more.

C. F. B., Washington, D. C.—1. Try some regular; many of the others do more harm than good. 2. Our advice is, to have nothing to do with the "Havana Lottery," or any other.

YOUNG AMERICA.—"In playing Bluff, if one player holds four aces, is it fair for him to bet over another person?".....Yes, it is fair for him to bet as long as others bet against him.

SECOND STEAMSHIP.—It is such a close thing between two vessels that we defer a definite answer until we have had time to make further searches.

JERRY BLOSSOM, Baltimore.—We have made use of your items in a general sense, not having room for the entire letter. Will be pleased to hear from you again.

WM. CARR, Georgetown, D. C.—Your challenge will receive all due attention, and be accepted, as soon as you back it up with a reasonable deposit.

VOLUNTEER.—In the absence of official figures, it is difficult to arrive at a correct estimate; the last statement, if our memory serves us, placed Pennsylvania somewhat ahead of New York.

DRAUGHTS.—Acceptance, in his match with Blythe, moves from 15 to 19. It was received too late to be inserted in its proper place.

ALONZO HERNANDEZ.—Your challenge had better be given as an advertisement, as it is a business matter altogether.

E. H. L., Rouse's Point.—When he bought the watch back, he had $10 and the watch; this shows a clear gain of $10.

AN OLD CRICKETER, Bristol, Pa.—If the misdeal occurred after the Jack was turned up, the dealer can score one point for Jack.

G. W., Boston.—1. A self-styled Professor. 2. No. 3. Heenan is in this city.

CLIPPER READER.—A little book called "Tricks with cards," will learn you "the how."

W. S., Detroit.—Sayers was beaten by Nat Langham, that being the only prize fight he ever lost.

ASHLAND, Baltimore.—We had already made mention of the gentleman, and that will account for the omission of your letter.

M. T. J., Philadelphia.—We can furnish some of the numbers, but some are out of print.

NORRIS.—No horse in America ever ran a mile in one minute and thirty-six seconds.

PONY, Fort Monroe.—The first Jack can be scored; the second carrot.

A. R. S., Sandusky City, O.—The CLIPPER is the only paper we publish.

K., Buffalo.—Deaf Burke was not killed in a prize fight; he died of consumption.

FRANK.—Call on Mr. Butler, No. 3 Peck Slip, and see his specimens.

OSSIAN.—Sent a letter in answer to yours, to Portland, last week.

T. W., Staten Island.—We stated the case last week.

NEW BEDFORD.—Try Dr. Gouraud's, "Poudres Subtile."

SOLOMON STONE.—We don't see the point.

U. BET.—Bets are reported as having been made that regular U. S. Mail Steamers will be running to Memphis by May 1st, and to New Orleans by July 1st.

MORE BILLIARD MATCHES.—The late contest at billiards between Dudley Kavanagh and Michael Foley, fully reported elsewhere, has made things lively in billiard circles. In the first place, Deery, now located at Chris. Conner's hostelrie in 14th street, in this city, is matched against Foley, to play 1000 points at the four ball carom game, for $250 a side, and for another match, the best in 21 games of 100 points, same game, for $250 more a side, the playing to take place at the same time as Foley and Kavanagh's encounter in April next, in this city. In addition to the stakes, their backers have made a bet of $250, on the largest run in the game of 1000 points. Of course this will add to the *eclat* of the occasion, and we shall expect to see Cincinnati, the former abiding place of Deery, where he not long since played against Tieman, well represented. In this connection, we may also add, that a match for $1000 is likely to be played soon between Tieman and Foley. Verily, Foley is getting his work cut out in advance, in a lively manner.

A SUGGESTION.—Our readers will remember that we noticed the death of Mr. Joseph White, the veteran billiard player, in our last issue. We have since learned that he leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his loss. We sincerely condole with them in their affliction, and at the same time beg leave to suggest to Messrs. Foley and Kavanagh, that the surplus proceeds accruing for witnessing their next match in New York, be devoted to relieve the necessities of the deceased billiard player's family, instead of to some other charitable object. We are sure that this hint alone is all sufficient, and shall, therefore, not presume to urge the matter. Joe White was benevolent, and we are sure, as he has sown, so shall his little ones reap.

A NOVEL AND GOOD IDEA.—We are informed that the proprietor of the Fashion Course intends, in May next, to give a series of purses free for all trotting horses, to be handicapped by competent gentlemen. This is a capital idea, Mr. Crocheron, but we advise you to go still further—resolve never to divide your gate money with any one. Give liberal purses, reduce the entrance fee to fifty cents, and your handicap trots will give satisfaction to the public, who should amply remunerate you in return for an honest entertainment.

DON'T LIKE IT.—As we surmised, Joe Goss has forfeited to Jem Mace, and the Championship is an open question again. At last advices from London, Jem Mace had received no fresh challenges, although he seems particularly anxious that some one should tackle him. He still hopes that Heenan may accommodate him, and it is said that the English friends of the latter would endeavor to prevail upon John to meet Mace. The "Boy" seems to have nothing to say, just now.

WON AGAIN.—The Indian Deerfoot has again proved the winner in a very exciting race with Job Smith. It was a go of six miles, and it was confidently expected that Smith would vanquish the Indian, but he came to grief himself, like many of his countrymen who had preceded him. A full report of the race may be found in another part of the CLIPPER.

BIG APPLE.—The largest sized apple we ever heard of, and which would sorely tempt Eve a second time we think, is said to have been grown near Vancouver, Washington Territory. It measured 19¼ inches in its largest circumference, and weighed 2 lbs. 13¼ ounces, or within 2½ ounces of three pounds. What a rousing apple dumpling it would make.

KAVANAGH VS SEEREITER.—We are informed, through reliable sources, that Mr. Michael Phelan has privately offered to match Kavanagh against Seereiter, on terms similar to those that controlled the match between him, (Phelan,) and Seereiter in 1859, for $5000 a side. We hope the Detroit people will accept, because it will be a first class event in the sporting world, and we doubt not, good times will be experienced.

ILLNESS OF TOM HYER.—For several days past Tom Hyer has been seriously indisposed, and at one time it was feared that he could not recover, some of his friends taking turns in sitting up with him. We are glad to learn, however, that he improved towards the latter part of the week, and we are informed that he took a ride on Sunday last as far as the Central Park, being carefully placed in a close carriage, and attended by some friends.

THE BILLIARD MATCH.—In this issue of the CLIPPER we have given a complete report of the recent match at billiards between Kavanagh and Foley, in which the former proved the victor. The return game is to be played in this city on the 3d of April.

OUR THEATRICAL RECORD.—See this week's summary of theatrical and show news. Verily the CLIPPER is the only theatrical organ, as it always has been the only reliable sporting authority.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The officers of the New York Yacht Club, just elected, are E. A. Stevens, Commodore; A. C. Kingsland, Vice Commodore; and H. Morton, Secretary. The annual regatta will take place in June.

REVIVAL OF RACING AT THE NORTH.

For some years past, racing at the North has been a dead letter. Trotting has been the attraction on our courses, with Flora Temple, Ethan Allen, George M. Patchen, and other trotting celebrities, as the idols of Northern horsemen. 'Tis true, some one or two spasmodic efforts have been made to revive the love of thorough-breds, which, however, proved failures, and brought loss upon the managers. At Jamesburg, New Jersey, we had two meetings last year, of Northern horses, which were comparatively successful, but the course was new, and almost wholly unknown even in this vicinity; we hope, however, that the meeting appointed to take place in the coming month of May, will establish the reputation of the new course, and prove remunerative to the club of gentlemen who control it. We heartily wish it all prosperity, especially on account of Philo C. Bush, the veteran turfman of the North, whose interest is now wholly concentrated there. But 'tis not on the gloomy picture of the past, but on the bright prospect in the future that we desire at present to dwell. We wish to inform our readers who are lovers of the horse of the initiative step taken on Friday, March 7th, to revive the sport so fostered and encouraged by the past generation. On the evening referred to, the turfmen of our city were invited to attend a meeting at the residence of Col. Hall. The call was made by Mr. Cassidy, well known throughout the country as a promoter and lover of the race course. We were not a little surprised to see so many in attendance to give character and respectability to the undertaking, such names as Morris, Hunter, Whitcomb, Bush, Watson, Felter, Buchelew, with many others equally well known, promptly answering the call. Prior to a formal organization of the meeting, knotty questions on racing and betting were freely discussed, which forcibly recalled to our mind the by-gone days when the New York Jockey Club held its meetings, when Messrs. Stevens, Gibbons, Johnston, Hall, Alexander, and others, from North and South, East and West, discussed in friendly converse the merits of their favorite strain of blood. The hour of nine having arrived, Mr. Cassidy rose and briefly stated the object for which the meeting was convened, and informed his listeners that he had corresponded with the leading breeders of Kentucky in reference to his plan to revive racing at the North, and had received such favorable replies as to authorize him in predicting a series of brilliant racing, if his friends would aid him by contributing a sufficient amount to insure the attendance of the crack stables of the Southwest, where at present many of the most noted horses of the country are in training. This spring there will be but one meeting in Kentucky, and that at Lexington; after which these flyers must remain idle at home or come and show us their heels over a Long Island Course. To make the invitation more attractive, Mr. Cassidy proposes to hold three distinct meetings, the first at Philadelphia, the second at New York, and the third and last at Boston, with distances and purses so numerous as to offer sufficient inducements to the owners of extensive stables to follow the races as they are wont to do over their own Southern courses. Mr. Cassidy further stated that it was his design, if possible, to secure the Fashion Course as the one in his mind best adapted to racing, with more ample accommodations, and easier of access than the old tracks; but if this could not be secured, he would be obliged to select from the others. He assured those present that every thing would be done on his part to enforce order; that he should engage an efficient police force to exclude all objectionable characters of either sex, as it was his desire to see the grand stand filled with ladies of our city to give increased *eclat* to the occasion. As regarded contributions, Mr. Cassidy appealed to all classes in the community, as he desired to see all represented, and stated that a subscription of ten dollars would entitle the donor to a card of admission, which, without extra charge, would admit as many ladies as may choose to lend their countenance to the sport. Mr. Cassidy was about proposing an adjournment, and the calling of another meeting, when Capt. Rynders sprang to his feet, and claimed that there was no time like the present, and proposed an organization on the spot. He asserted that there were as good and true men present as were wanted for any club. The company coincided, and seconded the motion, whereupon Mr. Francis Morris was chosen President; Mr. John Hunter, Vice; Mr. Cassidy, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary; with Mr. Foster as Secretary. The President, on taking the chair, briefly expressed his thanks, and in a few encouraging words predicted complete success for the undertaking. The secretary at once prepared a subscription list, and we are glad to state that over one thousand dollars was at once put down by the comparatively small number in the room, while promises of what absent friends would do to aid the cause, came thick and fast. Messrs. Alley, Gardner, Hale, Felter, Jenkins, and Rynders, were appointed as a collection committee, the President and Treasurer reserving the privilege of appointing others that they might subsequently select, each collector to hand his list to the treasurer, who alone is to receive and receipt for the money, and who requested all gentlemen present who had lists, to return them on or before the seventh day of April, that he might at that time proceed to arrange his stakes and advertise the programme to the world. After some further infernal conversation, a motion to adjourn was made and carried, when all were invited to partake of a sumptuous repast, where an hour was soon past discussing the relative merits of English and American stock, and drinking, in bumpers, the health of Mr. Cassidy and a brilliant close to his undertaking. The company separated, subject to the call of the President for another meeting. We heartily wish all prosperity to the enterprise, not merely from our delight in witnessing a slashing four mile race, but from the idea that we entertain that these races will draw to the course thousands who have shunned them for years past, from the fact that honesty in racing had been entirely ignored by those who had charge, and where bogus matches to gull the unwary were of continuous occurrence. Let gentlemen now come forward with liberal subscriptions, occupy the stands with their wives and daughters, whose presence will do more to drive from the course the unprincipled tricksters who have of late infested them, than all the lectures that may be written or read. Men of New York, the *Racing Ball is up*; give this enterprise your aid and countenance, and racing will be revived as an honest sport, whilst Hippodroming and its supporters will be driven from our midst.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH,

Winner of the late Billiard Match in Cleveland.

THE GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.

FOR $1000.

KAVANAGH DEFEATS FOLEY.

For many weeks past, efforts have been made to get up trials of skill between the younger portion of the billiard talent of the country, and the names of Kavanagh, of New-York, Foley, of Cleveland, Deery, of Cincinnati, and Goldthwaite, of Boston, have become as familiar as household words, while talking up the subject in billiard circles. By way of testing the question, and at the time of the match between Tieman and Deery, Kavanagh issued a challenge, hoping that some of them would take it up, and we believe even Seereiter, a defeated opponent of Phelan, would not have been left out in the cold, had he been disposed to toe the scratch, because the terms of the challenge were general, and excepted no one. We here re-produce it, as first published in the CLIPPER:—

"The undersigned is willing to play any professional billiard player a home and home match at billiards, caroms, on one of Phelan's tables, with balls 2 3-8 or 2 7-16 inches in diameter, for $1,000 a side each match. Sixty days notice required previous to the playing of the match. The above proposition will remain open for six months from this date. DUDLEY KAVANAGH,

Nov 21, 1861. 140 Fulton street, New York."

This stood unanswered for some time, and Kavanagh and his friends began to fear that he would "have no work to do," the Detroit man and all others failing to put in a rejoinder of any sort. Thus matters stood until January 9, when Foley, in a modest and gentlemanly manner, accepted the terms for half the amount, or rather, offered to play two games, for $500 a side each game, with 2⅝ balls, one match to take place in Cleveland, the other in New-York. To this Kavanagh promptly acceded, and with the exception of settling two or three minor preliminaries, the events were considered on Thursday, March 6th, was fixed upon as the date for the first encounter at Cleveland, and Thursday, April 3, for the second at New-York. The men set about preparing themselves for the meet at once, Kavanagh being put through a course of drill by the veteran player, Mr. Michael Phelan, between whom, in the meantime, some close and interesting bouts took place, most of which have been recorded in the CLIPPER. The last one, it will be remembered, was magnificently contested; for, notwithstanding that Phelan made a run of 142, and other long runs, Kavanagh made, almost in succession, at the close of the game, and when all but beaten, runs of 143, 105, 103, 102, which we here refer to, by way of showing to what proficiency he had arrived before leaving for the scene of action, which he did, in company with Mr. Phelan, on Monday, Feb. 24, the twain making brief stays at various places *en route*. Foley was not lacking in enterprise either, and he, too, submitted himself to a severe "course of sprouts," playing games with the prominent players of Cleveland and vicinity, but mostly giving odds, by way of making it a close thing. Reliable news reached us from time to time that he was playing magnificently, runs of 100 and over being a common thing with him. It may be remembered that on Monday, April 11, 1859, he most stubbornly contended against Kavanagh, at Detroit, at the time of the great Phelan Seereiter match, when he lost by only eleven points in one thousand, through an unfortunate miss, notwithstanding that Kavanagh made a run of 177 points, the highest count made in a match on record.

Both are young men, Kavanagh's age being about 26, and Foley's 23 years, and of about the same calibre, so far as weight and inches are concerned. Betting, previous to the day of play, was about even, since the friends of neither party were willing to invest largely at odds, owing to the facts above stated, although 5 to 4 passed current on either man in their respective localities. In due time Kavanagh arrived at Cleveland, and took additional preliminary practice, and his welcome there was most cordial. Messrs. Neil Bryant, Collender, Conner, Ralph Benjamin, and several other prominent billiard celebrities from New York, Boston, Detroit, and Buffalo, left early last week, and arrived in Cleveland in time to witness the encounter, and between whom and the friends of Foley some lively monetary transactions were consummated. Considerable excitement, but altogether of a friendly nature, was manifested during the day, and some time before the hour for the commencement of play had arrived, the Athenæum, which had been secured for the occasion, was well filled, and the gallery packed with people. The admission fee was fixed at one dollar, the surplus, over expenses, being wisely and liberally donated to the Soldier's Aid Society.

The umpires, Ralph Benjamin, of New York, for Kavanagh; and Chauncey Wells, of Buffalo, for Foley, and the referee, O. C. Scoville, of Cleveland, having taken their positions, at 8 P. M. the players entered the enclosure where one of Phelan's tables had been very conveniently placed, and approached it for the commencement of play. They were both greeted by hearty plaudits, which, having been modestly received and acknowledged, they strung for lead, and Kavanagh played his first shot for nought, while Foley's told for 7. Kavanagh, contrary to his usual custom in previous matches, after this struck out for the lead, and at his sixth turn at the cue ran 65, putting him at 117 to Foley's 23. He did not allow himself to be thrown off his guard by this success, but played cautiously, as the miss and pocket marks in the subsequent shots, and marked in the subjoined table, will show, and proceeded on in the even tenor of his way, scoring soon after 47, 30, and smaller ones of 20, until at his 28th turn at the cue, he was 260 points in advance. On the part of Foley, it is but fair to state that he appeared somewhat nervous, caused, doubtless, by entering into the betting mania, which Kavanagh wisely avoided, and kept cool. From this to the 38th shot, the average counts were about even, when Kavanagh, by pretty play, scored 71, and four shots after, another run of 74, placing himself 359 points in advance, bringing the odds immensely in his favor. At the 50th shot he was 414 points ahead, but here Foley turned the tables a little by scoring 57, and at shot 56, another of 102. This was the first count of over 100 and it was warmly applauded, as was also a run of 118, made soon after by Kavanagh. For a number of shots after this, matters proceeded pretty evenly, nothing heavy being done by either man until the 79th shot, when Foley ran 94, and had got them almost ready for a "jawing count," when one of the balls dropped into the pocket, thus frustrating his calculations for a big count. Soon after, he ran 60 more, and the hopes of the Clevelanders began to revive, and well it might be so, for at the 91st shot, Foley was but 298 in the rear, making it by no means a sure thing for the opposition. Here again, however, Kavanagh came to the rescue, and ran 114, thereby leading by 412 points, his total being 1281, or only 219 points short of game. From this out Kavanagh had matters pretty much his own way, the only large run afterwards being made by himself, —81. Once, however, Foley's chances brightened up a little, as he endeavored to get the balls jawed again, and had nearly succeeded, when, a round of applause being given for his masterly execution, the reverberation of sound, it is supposed, caused one of the balls to drop into the pocket, and his last chance was gone. Kavanagh made the winning shot at one o'clock on the following morning, beating Foley at the 112th turn at the cue, by 435 points. This was, indeed, a victory, and the winner was warmly congratulated by his friends; and Foley, though defeated, was deservedly praised for the skill he many times displayed. The game, after the first 50 or 60 shots, was well contested, but the commanding lead that Kavanagh had secured previously, Foley was unable to overcome, and hence the result. The game occupied twelve hours in playing, and the averages were, for Kavanagh 13 and 44 over, and for Foley 9 and 66 over. We here append the table of counts, etc., giving a correct idea of the progress of the game:—

KAVANAGH.			FOLEY.	
Shot.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.
1..	0	0	7	7
2..	18	18	2	9
3..	17†	35	3	12
4..	17	52	11	23
5..	0	52	0	23
6..	65	117	0	23
7..	6	123	3	26
8..	47	170	0	26
9..	21	191	0	26
10..	0	191	2†	28
11..	0*	193	1	29
12..	10	203	0	29
13..	0	203	2	31
14..	8†	211	3	34
15..	15	226	18	52
16..	30	256	0	52
17..	6†	262	3	55
18..	3	265	0	55
19..	2†	267	3	58
20..	21†	288	2	60
21..	22	310	2	62
22..	4	314	5	67
23..	7*	321	6	73
24..	2	323	2	75
25..	19	342	37	112
26..	3†	345	3†	115
27..	9	354	0	115
28..	23	377	2	117
29..	17	394	36†	153
30..	0	397	35	188
31..	2	399	2	190
32..	1	400	0*	190
33..	30	430	36	226
34..	3	433	0	226
35..	19	452	6†	232
36..	3*	455	1	233
37..	29†	484	20	253
38..	71	555	18	271
39..	0	555	6	277
40..	5	560	16	293
41..	28†	588	3	296
42..	74	662	7	303
43..	14	676	2	305
44..	27	703	18	323
45..	16	719	5	328
46..	24†	743	12	340
47..	0	743	0	340
48..	21*	764	1	341
49..	2†	766	2*	343
50..	7	773	16	359
51..	19	792	7	366
52..	5†	797	2	368
53..	0	797	12	380
54..	2	799	9*	389
55..	2*	801	3†	392
56..	2	803	102	494

KANAVAGH			FOLEY	
Shot.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.
57..	15	818	6†	494
58..	5†	823	3	497
59..	2	825	0	497
60.	118	943	18	515
61..	5	948	5†	520
62..	26	974	29	549
63..	25†	997	3	552
64..	13	1010	15	567
65..	0*	1010	4	571
66..	24	1034	33	604
67..	3	1037	3†	607
68..	6	1043	1*	608
69..	0†	1043	2	610
70..	0	1043	6	616
71..	5	1048	21†	637
72..	8	1056	0	637
73..	6	1062	0*	637
74..	1	1063	0*	637
75..	13	1076	10†	647
76..	3	1079	0	647
77..	12	1091	13	660
78..	9†	1100	3	663
79..	6	1106	94*	757
80..	1*	1107	1	758
81..	2†	1109	3	761
82..	0*	1109	3	764
83..	2	1111	60†	824
84..	3	1114	2	826
85..	0	1114	4	830
86..	0	1114	10	840
87..	0	1114	7	847
88..	12	1126	0	847
89..	33	1159	12	859
90..	8	1167	10	869
91..	0	1167	0	869
92	114	1281	2	871
93..	10	1291	11	882
94..	0	1291	30	912
95..	3	1294	24	936
96..	0†	1294	6	942
97..	20*	1314	1	943
98..	6	1320	3*	946
99..	0	1321	6	952
100..	5	1326	0	952
101..	30	1356	2	954
102..	2†	1358	3	957
103..	0	1358	16	973
104..	81	1439	6	979
105..	0*	1442	7	986
106..	12	1454	39	1025
107..	12†	1466	18	1043
108..	14	1480	18	1061
109..	0†	1480	2	1063
110..	10	1490	2	1065
111..	8	1498	0	1065
112..	2	1500		

Forfeitures.—† pocket; * miss. These forfeitures we have in all cases added to the next count of the opposite side, which makes the totals balance with the shots, and gives a correct view of the relative position of the players at each count.

At the conclusion of the match, a good time was enjoyed by all the parties immediately interested. The New York party arrived home at noon on Sunday, somewhat jaded, but as a matter of course, much pleased at the successful termination of their project, and at the very cordial treatment they received at the hands of Col. J. P. Ross, Mr. John Frowley, and the citizens generally of Cleveland. To give an idea of how the people there look upon the result, we append the remarks of *City Facts* and *Fancies*, published there:—

"Foley was badly beaten and we have few comments to make. Judging by the splendid playing he has exhibited on various occasions, we had reason to expect something better, and surprise at the poor skill he displayed last night is very general. We all know that he can do better, and many have confidence that he will do much better in the New York match, if he does not vanquish Kavanagh. The New Yorkers relieved Cleveland of a large amount of money, which we trust they will put to a good purpose—the missionary cause for instance. They probably will. Kavanagh is a star player, which can't be rubbed out. We think we were slightly out-generaled also, and in this connection, we will say, if Cleveland 'goes' any more on billiard matches, we most respectfully request our friend Phelan and that eminent conversationalist, Neil Bryant, to stay at home. We like their society, but they beat us in superintending a hotel."

The next match to take place on April 3, will, no doubt, be more closely contested, and in order to leave no stone unturned whereby he may achieve success, we learn that Foley has started for Detroit, for the purpose of being drilled up by Seereiter. This is a wise, and we hope it will prove a profitable step. Billiard affairs are looking up and we may now be on the *qui vive* for exciting times.

CANINE CONTEST IN DETROIT.—A contest between two canines took place in Detroit, Mich., on the 3d inst., of which the following are the particulars, as forwarded to us by "Scroggins," a correspondent there:—"A dog fight took place in this city on the 3d inst., between two canines of the fighting persuasion, called respectively Grip and Jack, the former weighing 31lbs., and the latter 25lbs. Grip is two years old, this being his first appearance in public; he is a well-formed dog, with the exception of his head, which is too short, and would probably prove rather heavy in a long battle. He was brought to the pit in splendid condition, and certainly did credit to his trainer, there not being an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his body, and every muscle standing out in bold relief. Jack, on the contrary, was far from being well-trained, and not at all fit to fight a battle which, it was evident from the first, would be an up-hill affair for the "little 'un." He had the advantage of experience, but at the same time the disadvantage of being pretty well cut up in his previous encounters. The general opinion from the first seemed to be that Jack was overmatched, and so it proved in the end; the other outwrestling him completely, and the constant falls on the hard floor were not without their effect. Jack made far better points than the young dog, but he had neither the strength nor condition to carry him through. The battle only lasted thirty-five minutes, during which time some half-dozen scratches were made; from first to last the large dog did all the fighting, and Jack all the howling, the little chap going in, not "on his muscle," but on his music, and at last evincing a decided preference for the beautiful air of "Home, sweet home," or in plain words, refusing to scratch. The fight took place at Cicotte's pit, the spectators remaining perfectly quiet and orderly throughout the performance. It would have been an improvement, however, if the handlers had made less noise. If a dog is slow to scratch, a little encouragement is not out of place, but unnecessary noise while the dogs are at work is unbecoming, and takes from the enjoyment of the thing as far as the lookers-on are concerned. Jack, it was supposed, had received some internal injury, and at the close of the contest it appeared doubtful whether he would live or not. Grip won, without a cut or mark worth speaking of, and without being in any way distressed. Considering that he is very short-nosed, and a good deal under shot, the punishment he gave was good, and had he been placed against a dog of his own weight, the fight would have been better worth witnessing; but doubtless before long his backers will match him against some 'foeman worthy of his steel.'"

CRICKETING CHALLENGE.—The following challenge to the cricketers of Albany and Rensselaer counties we find in the Wayne, N. Y., Democratic Press:—

"As the Cricket season is near at hand, I understand there is considerable talk among the Cricketing fraternity of Albany and Rensselaer counties, in relation to a challenge issued by some friends last fall, to back me against any man in the two counties for from $100 to $500, which was not then accepted; but are to, this spring, match a Mr. C., from Cohoes. I will play the said gentleman from Cohoes, on the Lyons Fair Grounds, a match game of Cricket, single wicket, according to the rules adopted by the Marylebone Club, and will give him the odds of two to one for any amount under $3000; and any deposit they will make in Wm. Van Camp's hand, will be promptly covered by double the amount—the match to come off as early in May as the weather will permit.

Respectfully yours, N. E. YOUNG, JR.

COCKING.—MAIN BETWEEN NEW BEDFORD AND PROVIDENCE.—A cock-fight came off at Chelsea Beach, Mass., on the 5th inst., the main being between New Bedford and Providence fowls, for $300 a side on the main. Forty-seven fowls were brought, and eleven were shown on each side. Five fowls were weighed in on each side, for the main. New Bedford won the first three fights and the $300—Providence winning the other two. Fifteen dollars a side was also upon each fight. The betting was very lively outside. Nine outside matches were also made, New Bedford winning seven out of the nine.

EAST WILLIAMSBURGH CRICKET CLUB MEETING.—At a meeting of this club, held on Monday, 3rd inst., the following named gentlemen were elected to office for the ensuing year:—President, J. W. Hadfield; Vice President, Benjamin Ward; Secretary, Henry Hadfield. Match Committee, Jas. Tribeck, H. Damper, Geo. Saville, Thos. Ward, and J. W. Hadfield. Communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Henry Hadfield, East Williamsburgh, L.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 383.

Mr. A A. Sharpe has recently proved himself to be a decided acquisition, as a low comedian, at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill.

One of the "original" Campbells, J. C. Goodhue's, were at Odd Fellows' Hall, Adrian, Mich., on the 4th March. The troupe remains as enumerated in our issue of the 1st March.

Mrs. H A. Perry and Miss Mary Preston were among the new candidates for public favor at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., on the 1st March.

Mr. A. W. Fenno has retired from the stage management at the National, Cincinnati, and seems likely to settle among us Yorkers, or in his native Boston, once more. Gus is always welcome. We understand that he intends going into the George Vandenhoff line, or something of that sort. Look out, lecturers!

Mr. George Egerton, the veteran lessee and manager of the Adelphi, Liverpool, Eng., died on the 15th Feb., after a long illness. His sons, who have for some time assumed his duties, will carry on the establishment.

A new farce is coming out at the Strand, London, called "Blondin, or Caught in a Line."

Ossian E Dodge and Wm. Hayward got "stuck" in one of the Maine snow-banks last week—and were therefore unable to fulfill appointments in Bethel and Brunswick. In Portland, they had an audience of over a thousand of the best citizens, including ten clergymen—to say nothing of many turned away for want of room.

Joe Proctor proved a good card in Portland. The Portland boys say he is "the best l-a-g-h livin'."

Bishop's Panorama of the battles "up to date," was in Newburyport, Mass., last week. Biz-fine.

Duprez & Green's Operatic Troupe of the "culled pohsuasion" is on its return from down east. They were last week in Portland.

Artemas Ward—the "Great American Showman"—is traveling east. He is to be in Great Falls, N. H., with his "kussed Kangaroo and wax figgers" on Thursday, the 13th. Artemas used to travel as Agent for Ossian E Dodge. Like his employer, he then proved that it was possible to be both funny and business-like. Wonder if it was then that he learned the "show business." Artemas is having big houses in New England.

Ossian E. Dodge and Wm Hayward are steering straight for Manchester, Lowell, and Lawrence, to see the pretty factory girls. Wish we were there.

American readers, who remember seeing Mrs. Fitzwilliam in this country, will be grieved to learn of the death of her professional friend and favorite, Mrs. Rebecca Cooke, at the close of her sixty-fifth year, on the 2nd Feb., in London. Deceased was originally a sprightly dancer, and made her first appearance at the Old Surrey, about 1808; so that, when Mr. Fitzwilliam was courting Mrs. Fitzwilliam, (Miss Somerville), about 1818, their singing of "When a Little Farm We Keep" was usually given as an interlude, with (although sometimes without) a dance by "Aunt Becky," who was always "an old fashioned girl" from her childhood, the general "friend of everybody," and particularly of "glorious little Fitz" and his "whole team" of a wife. Mrs. Cooke was very useful in melodrama; and improving with age, she played old (comedy) ladies until her retirement from the stage, at the Strand, London, in 1847. Irreproachable in every respect, she died a worthy recipient of the Royal Dramatic College Fund. From what our correspondents inform us, we may fairly infer that a good and heaven-seeking soul animated the graceful form of dear old "Aunt Becky."

Gen. Tom Thumb and *suite* closes at Masonic Temple, Louisville, on the 11th; they go next to New Albany, Indiana, 12th and 13th; Jeffersonville, 14 h; Madison, 15th. 16th, and 17th; Lawrenceburg, Ind., 18th; and open at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 19th, for a short season.

Prof. Anderson, on his late visit to Indianapolis, Indiana, was struck heavy on the license. Bad place for show people.

Chanfrau opened at the National, Cincinnati, on the 3d, in Mose, and Toodles, to a middling house. Miss Matilda Heron was at Wood's, the same night, and appeared in her own new piece. House better than Chanfrau's. Miss Heron appears in New York this week.

The St. Louis Dramatic Club gave a performance in that city on the 3d. The bill consisted of the Idiot Witness, and the Seven Clerks. There was a large and fashionable attendance.

Heller, the magician, did very badly at Louisville, and worse, if possible, in Cincinnati. Probably "secesh" helped to kill him in both of those places.

The real Johnny Booker is *not* in California. Some one has assumed his name there. The original Johnny Booker has not appeared on any stage for several months. He has retired from the business and has been residing in Wheeling, Va., since last July.

Annette Ince closed a two week's engagement at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 8th. Miss Julia Daly succeeds her on the 10th, with her "Female American Cousin."

At Tim Woodruff's Concert Saloon, at Mozart Hall, Louisville, the prospects are not bright, because no "nips" are permitted.

Mr. Gottschalk performs at Baltimore on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of March; Wilmington, Del., 14th; and at Philadelphia on the 15th.

Manager W. H. Riley intends commencing the "regular season" of the Milwaukee Academy of Music on or about the 31st March.

In New Haven, Conn., Frank Rivers' Troupe tried "Uncle Tom" week before last. He performed it in Peck's Hall, but the houses were poor for five nights, and "Tom" was "killed agin." On the sixth night the attendance was somewhat better, "Dick Turpin" and another piece being performed, with dancing and minstrelsy. The troupe next proceed to Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Couldock opened at the Louisville Theatre on the 3d. On the 6th, he produced a new piece. Business through the week was very poor.

Herrmann has been giving his magic, instrumental concerts, and opera, all on one evening, at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. He closed on the 8th, proceeding next to Shelby, Ohio; Indianapolis, Ind.; and opens at Masonic Temple, Louisville, on the 12th. His business at Pike's was only fair. He will visit St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Sandusky, and Baltimore, and then back East.

Gottschalk, with Miss Hinckley, was at Peck's hall, New Haven, recently. He chalked his tickets at 50 cents, and had a good house.

Miss Maggie Mitchell resumed, as was intended, her performances at the Front-street, Baltimore, on the 31 March, but there was a great falling off in the audiences after the first night, and she took a benefit on the 7th.

Mr. J. B. Carran, from New York, made his first appearance at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, on the 5th March, as Claude Darnaud, in "The Denouncer." A right spunky place is Cairo. Who can tell how much the country owes to the genuine influence of the Drama upon the troops that have quartered there lately?

Mr. George Percival has opened the Melodeon, Baltimore, with a pretty fair company. Let Percival persevere.

At Wilton's Music Hall, London, Mr. Cox, calling himself "the celebrated American Creole Vocalist," made his first appearance on the 24th Feb. Perhaps this is all right, but a mistaken use of the word "creole" is a blunder almost peculiarly English.

The "Seven Star Sisters," under the management of Mr. Carter, opened at Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, on the 3d, and performed through the week. They remain during the present week, and will appear at the Alhambra on the 17th. This latter place, as we predicted in our last, closed on the 1st, but Mr. Burtis, of the Varieties, Brooklyn, has now taken the house, and will endeavor to make it a popular resort. The name is to be changed from the Alhambra to "Burtis Varieties." It was re-opened on the 8th, to a good house. Some trouble was anticipated with the late management, but nothing serious occurred. Mr. Burtis has reduced the prices of admission to 10 and 20 cents.

Circus people are beginning to look about them, preparatory to starting out on their spring and summer travels. Mr. Geo. K Goodwin is getting ready for a start some time in April, the weather admitting, and he has already engaged Nat. Austin as clown; Miss Janette Esdier as tight rope performer; and the Snow brothers, as gymnasts. The outfit, it is said, will be one of the best upon the road; new wagons, harness, etc., the cost of painting each of which will be $120. In each panel a beautiful equestrian figure is painted. This year the concern will bear the name of G. K Goodwin & Co.'s North American Circus.

Whether that recent present from reportorial and typographical friends to Charley Lewis, at the Gayety, Albany, has been the cause we cannot say, but certain it is that "Faustus" has been produced at that music hall. Miss Bella Clifton and Frank Boudinot, formerly of the Cooper Opera Troupe, also commenced on the 10th March. E. W. Langrish, one of the proprietors of the Gayety, had a bumper benefit on the 7th.

The "big butterfly" has been brought forth with "The Seven Sisters" at the Howard, Boston, and the Zouave Drill with fifty ballet girls, etc., in similar style to Laura Keene's in New York, and McDonough's Olympic in Philadelphia.

The latest advices from our European correspondents show that Mr. Delmon Grace continues to advance in that English favor we have already mentioned on several occasions. In Liverpool, his reception has been particularly enthusiastic, and the Theatre Royal acknowledged the presence of a "live Yankee" by entrusting Mr. Grace with the supervision and production of "The Octoroon." As Salem Scudder, Mr. Grace, of course, leads all competitors; and his positive merits would secure recognition anywhere. Mr. J. H. Glenny, as the Indian Wash no-tee, gives our English cousins another subject of American study, winning great commendation. The piece was presented in capital style; but the composition and authorship are not so pleasing as "The Colleen Bawn," which was produced after playing "The Octoroon" for one week. Of course the performers are not to blame for this inherent defect in such an improbably-probable and probably-improbable affair as "The Octoroon."

Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y., seems to be a gay place. The benefit to Charley Lewis, the stage manager, came off just as we said it would, but with a few extras "not on the bill." The house was crammed and overflowed. Charley was presented with a splendid set of silver-mounted bones, by the typos and devils of the "Times and Courier" office. After this an announcement was made that "a curious bird" was to be presented to Charley after the performance. This presentation was made by Mr. E Menomme, and turned out to be the biggest kind of a Boston lobster, which Charley was not slow in carrying home, with considerable of "a claw." All bones and no meat would have been a poor present to shell out, but the benefit was tip top every way.

"Luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'Moore. At the present time there are no less than nine theatres, in London alone, doing up the sensational Irish dramas brought into vogue by Mr. Bourcicault.

Mr. Forrest commenced at the Holliday street, Baltimore, on the 10th. He plays four nights this week, and the other two are left to the stock. Queer system; yet, so it is. The reform must come some day.

Geo. Kunkel, manager of the Front-street, Baltimore, receives a complimentary from citizens on the 11th March.

Madame De Mott, the Female Blondin, had to give "three nights more" recently at Wednesbury, and "moved on" to good business at Derby, Eng.

Among the "minstrels" who have lately taken up the trade in Liverpool, Eng., is a down right and up-straight darkey, who need not lose any time in "corking up."

At Evans's Music Hall, Covent Garden, London, the "Four American Brothers" commenced the "forty first week of their engagement," on the 24th Feb. Maybe this is all right, but our increasing circulation in Europe requires that we should know. We begin to think that John Bull is using some of our American thunder.

John E McDonough, a very useful actor, and the recent arranger of "The Seven Sisters," at the Howard, Boston, takes a benefit at that house on the 10th March.

Our Boston neighbors are likely soon to witness the first appearance of a German actor in English dialogue, Mr. Emil Hugo, who is said to be a very fair performer when speaking his native language. Originally a sculptor, he has the mind of an artist, and therefore our good wishes.

Dan Spencer, formerly ballet master with the Julian Troupe, is teaching dancing in Peoria, Ill., and occasionally gives an exhibition ball.

The Baker Family gave a concert in Peoria, Ill., recently.

The Milwaukee Musical Society gave a masquerade on their own responsibility, at the Academy of Music there, on the 4th March. This shows that the rising young hearts in the West are perfectly sound on the music question. The whole affair was a splendid success. Well done, Milwaukee!

Kunkel's Minstrel Troupe continues at the Baltimore Museum.

Mrs. Annie Senter is now performing for Manager Myers, in Providence, R. I.

Showmen must keep their eyes open this season, and avoid those places where extortion is practised in the shape of license fees, etc. In the city of Battle Creek, Mich., the license to show is one dollar, in current money, and THIRTY-TWO ADMISSIONS, including the Mayor, Recorder, eight aldermen, city attorney, chief engineer, four constables, and their ladies collectively. We have a complete list of the names of those functionaries. The bill poster has no boards, and the privilege of putting up a bill on a shed, fence, or house, will cost a "family pass" for its owner or occupant. The Maine Law is in full force in this place, and a man cannot "smile" there. The agent of the Alleghanians passed through on the 3d rather than submit to such extortion. So look out for Battle Creek.

The Platte Valley Theatre, Denver City, will open on the 1st of April, under the management of H. B. Murphy. By reference to an advertisement in this department, it will be seen that several performers are wanted to complete the company.

Mr. Wm B. English is said to be lying dangerously ill, in Boston, of dyptheria.

"Look out for your carpet bag," when going in to see the new piece of that name, as performed by Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, at their little temple of big fun in Boston. It is worth all the price asked just to see Johnny Pell do Barney Williams, Trowbridge as a Policeman, and Billy Morris as one of the Rounder family. We should judge that the author, Mr. E. Bowers, must be one of the "Joe Bowers' boys," formerly so famous in Philadelphia. Lon Morris takes care to get up an agreeable entertainment in all his bills, with unceasing novelties, ranging from the sublimely sentimental to the irresistibly comical. No room for carpet bags among Lon's delighted audiences.

Camp life, while increasing all manly courtesies, has a wonderful effect in simplifying business transactions. Miss Maria Rainforth took a benefit at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., on the 1st March, and between the first and second piece, stage-manager T. S. Holland, on behalf of many prominent citizens, presented the lady with a purse as is a purse, containing one hundred and twenty five dollars. Like a sensible woman, she immediately put it in a sacred place.

This is said to be the last week in which our Boston friends are likely to see "The Enchantress" played at the Boston Museum, in the splendid style arranged by Manager Keach during the present visit of Mr. Richings and Miss Richings. It is played at every performance, afternoon or evening, and the public favor increases every time. Surely the Richingses must not go so soon. Let Mr. Keach try his abilities with "La Circassienne." This is a special edict. Or, let "The Enchantress" adjourn to Niblo's, here.

Laura Day is said to have won a great share of laurels recently as Zoe, in "The Octoroon," at the Royal Lyceum, Toronto. She had been doing the Becky Bowlesses, and such like village coquettes, but is now coming out on the sentimental, jumping over the heads of Mrs Simcoe Lee, Miss Fanny Porter, etc., in the Lyceum class.

Cairo—our own Illinois Cairo—is just the place to "drive away dull care O!" Regiments go and regiments come, for all is animation now in the military movements connected with the campaign in the West. In like manner, dramatic companies come and go. Notwithstanding the good times at the Defiance Theatre, the recent spreading out of uninterrupted business has caused a detachment of dramatic folks to leave for the up river towns—three ladies and three gentlemen—Mesdames Fyffe, Belle Warner, and Mrs. Bell; with Messrs. Tyler, Seeley, and Fyffe. Not even the rebels would dare O, to harm or wrong those friends from Cairo.

Mr. Bourcicault has brought out "The Dublin Boy" as a "new" piece at the Adelphi, London. It is the old "Gamin de Paris," which has already been Anglicized and Hibernicized and Americanized as "Andy Blake." If Mr. Bourcicault can make anything "new" out of that, he must possess the secret of the monk who could make stone soup at any farm house where all the other materials are handy.

Professor Anderson tried the temper of the Toledo (Ohio) blades on the 6th March, and, both parties being found equally trustworthy, crossed swords in token of keeping the Professor's secret. The Professor is now in Cleveland, where he commenced his machinations with "Auld Clootie" in the most public manner, on the 10th.

"The White Boys" seems likely to produce disputes, even in London. Messrs Shepherd & Creswick, of the Surrey, now claim a priority of representation against Manager Towers, of the Victoria. The parties must carry out their own contentions. Having given the cast of the Victoria, we now give that for the dramatis personæ at the Surrey:—General Darville, Mr. Vollaire; Major Blakely, Mr. Evans; Corporal Diskey, Mr. Maclean; Edward O'Brien, Mr. Shepherd; Miles O Donnell, Mr. Vincent; Tape, Mr. C Rice; Squall, Mr. Wright; Nora O'Donnell, Miss G. Pauncefort; Kathleen, Miss E. Johnstone.

Cork, Ireland, is a beautiful city, and, since the opening of its new bridge, one of the most beautiful in all Europe. Its girls are as near "Perfection" as possible, even if Kate O'Brien does have a pair of Cork understandings. Its boys like fun, frolic, and good places of amusement. Hogini's Circus is one of those, and the performers there are usually of the first class in talent. As Cork itself is a delightful place for the popping of corks, so is Hogini's Circus a high old shop for the riding of jokes and seeing the Clown go to Jericho or glory in a blaze of fireworks. We perceive that on the 23th Jan. a "Mr. Dan Cooke" was to make his first appearance as "The Great American Clown and Comic Singer," and hailing "from Niblo's, Broadway, New York, and Howes & Cushing's United States' Circus," etc. "Cooke" is an honored name in this department of art, but we must confess our inability, just now, to recognise any "Dan Cooke" among our reminiscences of Niblo's Garden or among the gentlemen engaged (on this side of the Atlantic) for glorious "Colonel Joe's" party, travelling for Howes & Cushing. Possibly, "Dan Cooke" may be an assumed name for a harmless purpose; but we have an idea that any artist formerly employed among such honorable companionship would prefer retaining his *nom de Clown*, as a Bohemian paragraphist might or would say. There is a screw loose somewhere in this matter, and the large circulation of the CLIPPER in Europe will very soon settle the point. We have no interest in the matter further than to let the truth appear; and, if "Mr. Dan Cooke" be what he represents himself, we shall be on hand to pop as many corks as he will. Managers and performers will understand our motives. A clown is an artist that we respect, but a clown in borrowed plumes—now-a-days—is like a Dan Tucker who has come too late for supper.

Things have been pretty lively in Philadelphia since our last. In a letter from "Young Rapid," dated March 7th, we find the following items:—At the Arch, John Drew is drawing immense houses. The "Comedy of Errors" and the "Serious Family" have been the attractions all the week. "White Horse of the Peppers" is announced for Saturday night....."Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Continental, continues to attract fair houses, and will be played for one week longer. "Macarthy, or the Peep o' Day," will shortly be produced here....."Christy's Minstrels closed at Concert Hall Thursday night, after having experienced very bad business. They play in Wilmington Friday and Saturday of this week. Major Frank Brower has gone down there with them. From there they go to New-York, and re-organize for a Western tour. Old John Tryon goes with them as business agent. W. Arlington has been engaged as end man, in place of Chas Neal, who goes to the Canterbury Music Hall, Washington. In June, this company leaves for England, under the management of H. Bland, now of the Washington Theatre....."Sanford's Minstrels continue to do a good business. The Carter Zouave Sisters have been engaged here, and they are the great attraction. They are very talented, and I take pleasure in recommending them to managers throughout the country. It is so seldom that real talent is met with here, that when it does appear it should be encouraged. Their Zouave drill is the most perfect thing I ever witnessed. They are all wonderfully versatile.....Your friend and correspondent "Shaker," who occasionally favored you with show news from this city, has left for the seat of war. He has gone to Nashville, as the special correspondent for Forney's *Press*, of this city. He left on Thursday last, with letters of recommendation and introduction from John W. Forney, of the Senate, to the most influential officers connected with the army; also, to many prominent men, including George Prentice. Col. Forney has made an excellent selection in the person of Mr. ——"Shaker." He is a very smart, intelligent young man, quick at perception, agreeable, and in every way worthy of the high position in which he has been placed, and I sincerely trust that he may meet with success.....The concert saloon lately known as the Alhambra, has been leased by Mr. Isaac Burtis, of Brooklyn, and will be opened on Saturday next, as Burtis' Varieties, with a good working company.....The Olympic is crowded to repletion every night. Hernandez is the great card here. Marietta Ravel, a very graceful *danseuse*, is a great favorite. Gallagher, Leavitt, and Mulligan are very funny. Kitty Blanchard has been engaged for the Olympic.....Dan Rice and his company opened at the Walnut on the 3d inst., to a moderate house, there being very few ladies present, owing to rumors that there would be trouble there.

The German Opera Company, of Cincinnati, composed principally of about a hundred German performers residing in that city, talk of appearing in New York after the close of their Cincinnati season. Their collection comprises "Cezar and Zimmerman," "Stradella," "Der Freischutz," and "The Seige of Granada." Madame Fabbri is their prima donna. A great joke it would be if our German friends, by their industry, should "underwork" the lazy genius of the Italians, and succeed in adapting, as well as transplanting, the veritable spirit of opera, until it can grow and spread as an American institution *de nove*, under the glorious sunlight of American skies. The mere supposition is full of patriotic exaltation, for music is the crowning grace of solid national greatness. But, where would the Bohemian paragraphist, the oyster-house critic, and all the backers of French or mincers of Italian, be then? "Whar am you dee?"

Messrs J. Andrews and Johnny Mitchell have "moved on" from Milwaukee, and commenced an engagement at Ben Wheeler's Canterbury Hall, St. Louis, on the 10th March.

Mr. J. H. Ogden, who has been doing the Irish comedian among the "horful Hamericans" for the past two years, arrived safely home on board the steamship City of New York, and was to appear at Holder's Grand Concert Hall, Birmingham, on the 21 March.

Maria Tree—Mrs. Bradshaw—sister of Mrs. Charles Kean—is no more. Her death, after a long illness, occurred in London on the 17th Feb. Maria was the second of Mr. Tree's four daughters, and was born in August, 1802. After qualifying for the stage under Signor Lanza and Tom Cooke, she made her first appearance at Bath, on the 13th Nov., 1818. First appearance in London, 10th Sept., 1819. Retired from the stage, at Covent Garden, 16th June, 1825, after this short but very brilliant career. Maria was the original Maid Marian, Clari, and Mary Copp; in the latter character she won the highest encomiums from John Howard Payne, the author, and as such her likeness was taken for "Dolby's British Theatre," drawn by Wageman, and engraved on steel by Woolnoth. Mr. Bradshaw was member of parliament for the city of Canterbury. Amiable, brilliant, and beloved as Maria Tree was, our old country friends will learn this news with sadness.

One of our Cincinnati correspondents tells us that "Doubtless you have seen more of Miss Charlotte Thompson than I have." Well, we cannot say that we have. We have often seen her on the stage, and cannot remember seeing her without professional approbation as well as personal admiration. Our Cincinnati friend might have found a pen-and ink portrait of "the daughter of the departed Lysander," recently published, as thus—"In person, Miss Thompson is neither *petite* nor masculine, but of that happy medium which constitutes the ideal stature of woman. Her face is not handsome, but is wonderfully expressive, while her eyes are lustrous and liquid as those of a gazelle. We must beg the lady's pardon for alluding to particulars, but she has a beautiful arm and an exquisitely turned ankle." Enough said.

Portland, away down east, there in Maine, has had some dramatic treats at its theatre lately, with Johnny Allen, L. P. Roys, (solemn shady), E. W. Thompson (Lillywhite comic), Miss Annie Eberle (versatile utility), etc. Joe Proctor, James H. Hackett, and Miss Sallie St. Clair, are promised as the next successive stars. How about Friend F. L. Kent's "combination" with Bangor?

THE BURTON DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave an entertainment at Dramatic Hall, on the 5th inst., which was attended with success, the playing of the members being very good. The hall, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, was densely crowded, ladies being in the majority in point of numbers. The show was initiated with the performance of "The Maid of Croissy," Miss Rose Bonner, a very pretty and promising young lady, appearing as Theresa, a character that she made the most of, and pleased the auditors immensely. Judging from Miss Bonner's abilities in the amateur line, it is our belief that she is destined to become a "light" upon the larger boards at no distant period. She is possessed of a pretty stage face, a neat and well-formed body, is a remarkably correct reader, and understands the proper use of her voice. Miss Baker appeared as Annette, and rendered the part very well. John Cooper, as Walter, created any amount of fun, as he is always sure to do; he is very popular with amateur theatrical goers. Mr. Maxwell's Austerlitz was a very fair rendition. Mr. Gordon's Francis was neat and truthful. Mr. G. improves. "London Assurance" was capitally played, with the following strong cast:—Sir Harcourt Courtley, H. S Melton; Max Harkaway, N. F Austin; Charles Courtley, J. B. Ward; Dolly Spanker, G. T. Martin; Dazzle, J. Sherman; Meddle, John Cooper; Cool, G. G. Hurst; James, G. Henderson; Martin, C. Wallace; Solomon Isaacs, M. Everett; Simpson, C. Maxwell; Lady Gay Spanker, Miss Kate Singleton; Grace Harkaway, Miss Sallie Singleton; Pert, Miss Frank Baker. From the well known reputation of the parties named it would be superfluous to individualize each and every one; suffice it to say, the comedy was rendered exceedingly well throughout, and reflected much credit upon the ladies and gentlemen engaged in it.

THE J. W. COLLIER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION gave an entertainment at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, on the 5th inst. The performance embraced "The Idiot Witness," "Good for Nothing," and "The Broken Sword." In the first piece, Messrs. Keene, Reville, and Conway were well received. Keene's conception of Sieur Arnaud was truthful, and rendered in a masterly style. The minor parts were passable. In "Good for Nothing," Miss Louise Birch, as Nan, was clever, and would have appeared to much better advantage had she been better supported. We cannot see why amateurs cannot be more perfect in the text. Surely they have time enough; the pieces on this occasion have been rehearsed for over two months. The fact of the matter is, they depend too much on the prompter. "The Broken Sword," a very difficult play, passed off smoothly, each character being well up. Carty Folwell, as Rigollo, was hailed with tremendous applause. J. T Reville, as Estivan, was rather tame; however, the gentleman makes rapid improvement. Louise Birch, as the Dumb Orphan, was truly affectionate. As Claudio, Mr. Brooks rendered his part creditably. Messrs. Conway, White, and Seckleman were passable in their respective roles. The following named officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, M. L. Gothelf; Vice President, H Conway; Secretary, M. White; Treasurer, G. W. Mathews; Stage Manager, J. T. Reville; Assistant Treasurer, M Donohoe.

J. W. COLLIER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This amateur organization gave a dramatic performance at Dramatic Hall, Houston street, on the 3d inst. We were unable to be present, and cannot therefore give an account of the entertainment.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-tf

ANOTHER PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER IN CAMP.

Notwithstanding that our soldier boys are well drilled in the use of firearms and other deadly weapons, and know well how to use them in behalf of their country, it is pleasing to know, that in the settlement of their private "diffs." they do not resort to them, but rely on the arms nature gave them. Corroborative of this, by favor of a correspondent, we are in receipt of the particulars of a little mill, which took place recently at Camp Winfield, Hatteras Inlet, between two youths of the 48th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, natives of Minersville, Pa. The names of the combatants are Geo. Edwards and Thos. Lloyd, and on the occasion in question they proceeded to a secluded spot outside the guard lines, and after an amicable settlement of preliminaries, the men, after laying off their superfluous clothing, entered the ring, Edwards having John Williams for a second, and Lloyd attended by Jeremiah Griffith. The referee having taken up his position and the men having shaken hands, they squared themselves for

THE FIGHT.

The men approached to commence hostilities in a cautious manner, both looking determined. In the first round Lloyd gained a slight advantage by getting on Edwards' left peeper, but in the second the latter got even by putting in a regular pile driver on Lloyd's nob. Thus matters alternated between them, the fortunes of war being evenly balanced until the 13th round, when after a little wary sparring, Lloyd planted a stinger on his opponent's jaw, which resulted in the "first knock down blow" for Lloyd. Edwards, nothing daunted, however, stuck to his man, and in the next round got in again on the fast closing optic of Lloyd. In the 17th round Edwards repeated the dose, so much so that Lloyd's vision was materially affected. The latter rallied, however, and for a number of rounds managed to hold his own, give and take being the order of the day, neither gaining any material advantage. Matters continued about so up to the 45th round, when, although both were weak, Edwards got in a decisive blow on Lloyd's nose, which appeared to set him all abroad, and in closing, both fell, the latter under.

46 and last. Both men came up looking weak, but after a little manœuvering Edwards got in another Fairban on Lloyd's damaged ogle, and received in return a severe but wildly delivered blow on the body, which sent him to grass in haste. On time being called, Edwards went promptly to the scratch, but Lloyd, after consultation with his second, wisely concluded to give in, as all hopes of his success were destroyed, from his complete blindness, and being unable to keep a close eye on his antagonist's movements, because his own eyes were closed. The battle was, therefore, declared in favor of Edwards, after fighting 46 rounds in seventy minutes. Both men were evidently satisfied with the result, gave each other a friendly shake of the hand, and returned to report themselves ready for duty at their barracks. Their comrades, who had witnessed the encounter, were highly gratified by the manly set-to they had the pleasure of witnessing.

A LITTLE BIT OF FIGHT TALK.—EDITOR CLIPPER—You stated in last week's issue that Joe Goss, the new candidate for the Championship, was a still smaller man than Sayers or Mace, and that his weight was 147 lbs. But it should not be forgotten that he is only 23 years of age, and his former battles have mostly been with men matched to fight at a certain weight. Now, if the Memoirs of Sayers that were published in your journal are true, it must not be forgotten, that in the first three battles that the late Champion fought, he weighed only 9st. 12 lb. (138 lb.), and even when he fought Jack Grant, when 26 years of age, *Bell's Life* stated that Tom had much increased in weight, and that his fighting standard was 10st. 6lb. (146). In his next battle with Jack Martin, when 27 years old, they were restricted to 10st. 7lb. (147). The weighing took place at Ben Caunt's, publicly, and both were stated to be "well within the weight," Martin a shade the heavier.

Now for a few words on the weight of Jem Mace, the present Champion. His first battle in the London P. R, with Thorpe (of which I have a copy of the CLIPPER), took place in 1857, when Mace was in his 26th year. The belligerents were restricted to 10st. (140) and on scaling were found to be "well within the stipulated weight." Even in his late battle with Bob Brettle we have the most positive proof that his weight was but 10st 4lb. (144), and his condition was stated to be perfect. Yet in the face of all these facts, the editor of *Bell's Life* coolly informs us, that he weighed 11st. 4lb. exactly, a stone heavier than when he met Brettle, "and that he was in splendid condition." Now "how could he carry so much more flesh, and still be in splendid condition?" He also states that he is "a wee bit bigger than Sayers in every respect." If Goss should beat Mace, which I doubt, *Bell's Life* will probably inform us that Goss weighs 160. The *Sporting Life* is still more loose in its statements. It informs us that King's weight is 12st, and that Bendigo's weight was 11st, and in his list of the champions he omits Jem Ward altogether, the best man that England ever produced, in my opinion. Mace has astonished the world by the extraordinary gameness he displayed in his late gallant struggle with the gigantic King. He is also an exceedingly fair fighter, and showed us in his battle with the Infant, wrestling qualities of first rate order. When we take into consideration the height, weight, length, strength, activity, youth, and freshness of King, his performance must rank fully equal to the gallant Sayers' struggle of two hours and a quarter with Heenan. Upon the whole we may look for some exciting mills this year, and your journal is likely to keep up its large circulation, because it is one of the few that does not indulge in spiteful, Anti-British twaddle, and wisely lets politics alone. ONE OF YOUR MANY BRITISH SUBSCRIBERS.

Fort Wayne, Indiana, March 24, '62.

LOCATED.—Jemmy Massey, the English pugilist, formerly mine host of the house in the Bowery, in this city, now kept by Harry Gribben, now deals out liquids on his own hook, at No. 126 West Market street, Toronto, C. W.

PUGILISM IN MINNESOTA.—Hearing that W. Morton, of St. Paul, challenges any man in Minnesota, of 140 lbs, for $50 a side, I will fight him for that amount, or as much more as he pleases, at catch weight, but not to exceed 140 lbs., in two months from signing articles; the fight to take place half way between Stillwater and St. Paul. An answer through CLIPPER, or direct to me, Stillwater Post-office, Washington County, will be attended to.

BILL GALLAGHER.

MILL NEAR ALBANY.—A fight for $5 a side took place about three miles from Albany, a few days since, between two men named Maguire and Smith. J. Caton seconded Smith, and Jim Heenan did the needful for Maguire. There was but one round fought, which did not amount to much. Heenan urged his man to close on Smith, which he did, getting his head in chancery, and giving him a severe pummeling, when Smith's second threw up the sponge to save him from further punishment. It lasted but 18 minutes.

JOHNNY MORRIS.—The pugilist defeated in the late mill on Staten Island is named Johnny Morrison, not Morris. Some of the friends of the latter may have supposed it was him, and we take this means to put them right.

SPARRING.—A correspondent in Middletown, Conn., says that a few boxers might do well by giving a series of sparring exhibitions in that State.

FIVES COURT.—GRAND DISPLAY OF BOXING.—We have had but few really good sparring exhibitions this winter, many of the boys being absent at the seat of war, and but little interest being manifested in those things while regiments were being organized here; but now that the rebellion is in a fair way of being quelled, our sparring friends are beginning to turn up again, and we may look for a revival in boxing, as in everything else. A couple of big guns will open the ball this week. Izzy Lazarus and Prof. C. F. Ottignon will give an artistic display of the manly art of self-defence at the "Fives Court," 600 Broadway, (up stairs,) on Thursday evening, March 13, when they announce that the following named sparrers will lend their assistance: Bill Clark, Harry Gribben, Dan Kerrigan, John Monaghan, Jim Elliott, Jack Bath, John Lazarus, Billy Donnelly, John Roach, Hen Winkle, Dick Hollwood, Mike Dorsey, Owen Geoghan, Ed Touey, Fitz, of Providence, Millage Cornell and Harry Lazarus, just from the seat of war. The grand wind up of the evening will be a splendid display of the Manly Art, between Prof. C. F. Ottignon and Izzy Lazarus.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

GOSS FORFEITS TO MACE.—Thursday, Feb. 20, having been appointed and allowed as an extension of time to Joe Goss to make final arrangements, and draw up articles at the stakeholder's, the appointment was duly kept by the backers of the men. Mace was at the stakeholder's office at mid-day, accompanied by his friend, Moss Phillips; Mr. Ward represented Joe Goss, and stated that the injury to the shoulder which his man had sustained in his late encounter with Ryall rendered it injudicious to go on with the match, but he thought Mace ought to let Goss off without claiming the forfeit—an argument which Jem very naturally could not see the force of, and collared the "fiver." The fact of Goss' forfeiting has created no surprise in pugilistic circles, and we cannot help thinking that it would have been more prudent on Joe's part to have waited and seen the upshot of his renewed battle with Ryall, before showing such eagerness to tackle the present redoubtable champion. Now that the match is off, and Mace is without an engagement, the question arises, who is there likely to enter the field to contest for the belt? A rumor was current this week that Tom Sayers really intended to have another "go in," but it is almost needless to say that Tom will never again enter the arena as a public performer, except that of his own popular circus, as were he to fight he would forfeit his present splendid annuity, and lose many of his best friends; in fact, his reappearance is utterly impossible. Mace, on the other hand, is very anxious for something to do, and, as he says, "Does not wish to win the belt without working for it." He will give any challenge his best attention, if it be but properly authenticated, and accompanied by money. Heenan's friends in London will, in the meantime, it is said, use all their influence to induce the "Benicia Boy" to "come over the water," and it is needless to say, that should any fresh negotiations be entered into for that purpose, an extraordinary amount of public interest would be aroused.—*Sporting Life, Feb* 22.

MERRY LITTLE MILL AT GRINGLEY-ON-THE-HILL, NEAR BAWTRY.—A couple of rustics, yclept Beech and Roberts, met at Gringley on Saturday, Feb. 15, according to arrangement, to settle their little differences. The affair was not concluded, in consequence of Roberts spraining his ankle in the 25th round, in an attempt to throw his opponent a cross buttock. Roberts had the best of the fighting throughout, and would no doubt have proved the victor, but for his accident. He only weighs 10st, while his opponent scales over 12st. Time of fighting, 20 min. The mill will be renewed as soon as Roberts recovers. The Corinthians seem to be taken quite by surprise at these little affairs coming off so suddenly without their knowledge.

PEDESTRIANISM.

SIX MILES RACE

DEERFOOT, THE AMERICAN INDIAN, DEFEATS JOB SMITH.

Despite the miserable weather on Monday, February 17, nearly 1,500 persons assembled at Wandsworth, to witness the race of six miles announced to take place between Deerfoot and Job Smith, for £25 a side. This being the Indian's first appearance in 1862, in the metropolitan district, caused a considerable deal of excitement, many who had seen him perform before being anxious to see if he had improved, or *vice versa*. Mr. Garratt had made every preparation for the comfort of the spectators, giving every one a fair view of the competitors. There was a strong body of the V division of police on the ground, under Inspectors Lovelace and Eyre, but their services were not in one single instance required. Deerfoot's performances have been already so fully given as to need no comment, and the name of Job Smith will be familiar to the pedestrian public as having run the celebrated mile race with Thomas Hosspool, when the distance was done in 4 min. 28 sec. For this race he was backed by Jesse Smith, of the Peacock, Maiden Lane. The race was set for four o'clock, and at three minutes past that hour the Indian was escorted to the ground by his backer, Mr. G. Martin. He was attired as usual, in fur robe, cap, skirt with bells, eagle's feather, &c. Smith soon followed with his mentor, Jesse, and the referee, Harry Reed, having taken his position at the mark, the word go was given, and away they dashed, having to run twenty-four laps to complete the distance, the Indian taking the lead, but ere they had reached the bottom of the course, Smith was at his shoulder; thus they ran up the far side of the course, when the Senecan again dashed ahead and finished the lap about one yard ahead, amidst loud cheers and cries of "How the Indian's improved." In style as well as condition Deerfoot has improved, having got rid of much of that ungainly roll of the head and shoulders, while he exhibits more freedom of action in his paces. Going up the back stretch, in the second lap, Job put on a

SPORTS! SPORTS!

EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED

SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF

Physical and Mental Recreations for the People.

THE popular AMERICAN SPORTING JOURNAL, now in the NINTH YEAR of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives FULL AND AUTHENTIC REPORTS of every event of a Sporting nature, such as—

Cricket,	Chess,	Pugilism,	Feats of Strength,
Ball Play,	Draughts,	Rowing,	Rifle Shooting,
Yachting,	Pedestrianism,	Wrestling,	Pistol Shooting,
Boxing,	Horse Racing,	Trotting,	Pigeon Shooting,
	Curling,	Game Fowl,	&c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

embracing information on General Topics, but Sporting Matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE,

as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietor.

The success of the CLIPPER, as a SPORTING PAPER, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is hailed as

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING AUTHORITY,

AND IS THE

OLDEST SPORTING JOURNAL NOW PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.

TERMS—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail, $1 for six months; $2 for one year. Club of four, $7 per annum; club of eight, $13 per annum; club of twelve, $18 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE BALL SEASON OF 1862.

Within a few short weeks our columns will again teem with the record of base ball and cricket matches. Again the green fields of Hoboken will be made lively and attractive by the voices of the participants in these manly out-door exercises and sports. From present appearances, the approaching season bids fair to be one of the most brilliant we have yet had. Last season ball playing was at a discount; at least, during the early portion of the season, owing to the gloom and despondency that hung over the country, as disaster after disaster attended the progress of the national arms in defence of the Union. But now the state of affairs is somewhat different. The rebellion has culminated; its rapid downfall is but a question of time. As a consequence, there is a feeling of hope of better times existing, that yields an exultation and joyousness that tells well for a thorough enjoyment of the ordinary sports and pastimes in which we are prone to indulge during the summer season. We may therefore fully expect to see an early and full turn-out of our ball players as soon as the mild weather sets in, which we fully expect will be within the course of the next six weeks. Already our leading clubs are mustering their forces, preparatory to the opening of the campaign, which bids fair to be an exciting one. This season the great question of the championship between the base ball clubs of Brooklyn and New York is to be decided, by the Junior as well as the Senior Clubs. The great Silver Ball Match of last season opened up the question, which had remained in abeyance for the two previous seasons, and now as both parties stand on an even footing, the trial is to be renewed again, and the several contests that will take place to decide the questions, as well as the preliminary games thereto, will attract considerable attention. The first match of the Championship series between the Junior clubs of both cities took place last fall, and is to be concluded this season. The withdrawal of two of the strongest of the Junior clubs from the Brooklyn side, they having become senior clubs, will materially enhance the chances of success of the New Yorkers in the contest. Aside from the Championship matches, however, there are several club contests of considerable interest that are set down to both places this season, among the first and most important of which will be the third, and test match, between the Atlantic club of Brooklyn, and the Mutual club of New York. Last season these clubs were successful against all competitors, in their respective localities, each winning a match from the other. This season they are to decide the home-and-home scores between them, and the contest is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

Cricketers, too, expect to be far more lively and busy than they were last season. Several new clubs are in process of organization, and the old ones are getting ready for offensive operations with the willow and the leather. Next month is the time to prepare the grounds, and those who desire to have a ground on which a good wicket can be pitched should be early in the field. As usual, we shall devote considerable space in our columns to complete reports of all base ball and cricket matches. And we now give notice to all clubs who desire to have their matches appear in our annual review of the season, to send scores of the same to this office, otherwise—unless our reporters be present at the same—they will not be noticed at the close of the season.

CARTES DE VISITE.—These little likenesses of the "face divine" are becoming extremely popular all over the country, and with their popularity the photographic album is coming rapidly into favor. In the manufacture of these beautiful books the French excel, although American manufacturers have introduced some very good specimens. Mr. Fredericks, at his gallery, No. 587 Broadway, has a beautiful assortment of albums, of all sizes, styles, and prices; holding from a dozen up to two hundred "cartes de visite." One of the latter class we have before us at present. It is bound in French morocco, ornamented with much taste, gilt edges, and has two beautiful gilt clasps. At the establishment of Mr. Fredericks may be found a most extensive assortment of "cartes de visite," embracing statesmen, actors, actresses, sporting characters, show people, and almost every class of society. In London and Paris these "cartes" are all the rage. Tom Sayers received quite a large sum of money for the right to "take his face." Little Patti's face was duplicated 20,000 times. The demand for the Queen of England's picture is by the hundred thousand, and in one week after Prince Albert's death one firm received orders for seventy thousand copies. M. Silol is the leading London photographer, and he has sent out nearly a million photographs since *cartes de visite* became fashionable. Fredericks, of this city, is the leader in the American trade, and he has already disposed of large numbers of card photographs.

DEATH OF A BILLIARD PLAYER.—Again the painful duty devolves upon us of recording the death of one of the prominent men of the sporting world. Mr. Joseph White, the veteran billiard player, well known and much liked by the votaries of that amusement, died in this city on Saturday, March 1st, at the age of 43. His death was brought about by accident. It appears, that a few days previously, while crossing Broadway, through the culpable negligence of a "Jehu" he was so severely injured by a stage that his death resulted, as above stated. His funeral took place on the 2nd inst. Several prominent billiard players followed his remains to their last resting place. Mr. White was a gentleman, in every sense; he was affable, courteous, and sociable, to a degree.

ABOUT OVER.—We have had a glorious skating season; and now that the sport may be considered at an end, let us see how the skating days foot up. The annexed figures will show the comparative number of skating days during the last four years:—

1861-62, to March 2, forty-four days; 1860-61, whole season, twenty-seven days; 1859-60, whole season, thirty-eight days; 1858-59, whole season, nineteen days. This shows that the present has already exceeded any other season since the opening of the Central Park skating pond by six days, and we may yet have a day or two more of the sport. There has been forty eight days skating on the Union Pond, exlusive of Sundays, which are included in the Central Park enumeration.

JACK MACDONALD.

HIS DENIAL OF THE RUNAWAY REFEREE'S STATEMENT.

In last week's CLIPPER, we published an article from *Bell's Life in London*, in which Jack Macdonald was made to say some pretty harsh and false things against certain American editors. The same article promised to publish a letter from Jack, in corroboration of those charges; but it appears that Jack, seeing the falsehoods contained in the article in question, again called upon the "referee," boldly *denied saying any such things as had been attributed to him by Bell's Life*, and *repudiated the statement, in toto!* The "immaculate journal" refused to publish Macdonald's denial at the time, and it was not until the letter had appeared in the *Sporting Life* that the Referee felt himself *compelled* to give Macdonald a hearing in his own defence. Macdonald's letter is prefaced by some remarks, by "the referee," which only go to show how sore Jack's rejoinder makes the "runaway" feel. Here are the remarks:—

JACK MACDONALD.—It may be recollected that last week we inserted a paragraph in our journal respecting Macdonald, one of the seconds of Heenan, in his battle with Sayers, stating that Macdonald had called upon us, and denied that he had ever authorized the publication of various attacks upon us which had either appeared in the American journals or been otherwise quoted on his authority. In that paragraph we mentioned that Macdonald stated that he had quarrelled with some portion of the American press, the editors of which had merely taken notice of Heenan to get what they could out of him, and that they had published the statements in question simply to injure him (Macdonald). We added that he intended to write a letter to us to vindicate his character and utterly deny the truth of the charges against him. On Friday last we were honored by a second visit from Macdonald, who now repudiates the statement he made on Friday week, evidently feeling that by his explanation he has got himself into hot water with his respectable friends, the American editors, and he has now the impertinence to deny that he ever made to us the explanation contained in our last. He also brought us a letter defending (?) his conduct, which we insert, omitting, however, the name of one of his American friends, who, we presume, is unworthy of notice.

As McDonald's letter is given without mutilation in the *Sporting Life*, we give that the preference. Here it is:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING LIFE

SIR—Knowing that my character as a public man has, and will continue to suffer, after what has appeared in *Bell's Life* about me, I feel that an explanation of my case is due both to yourself and to the public; trusting to your sense of justice, I must, therefore, beg you will be good enough to give insertion to this letter, and can only regret that nothing more than my *ipse dixit* can be given here. In my total abnegation of the grave statements imputed to me by *Bell's Life in London*, with respect to the memorable contest between Heenan and Sayers, I declare that I have never, upon any occasion, written to the American press, attacking the editor of *Bell* in the way of which he has accused me, and defy him to prove to the contrary. I beg now, therefore, in the first place, to *give the most unequivocal contradiction to the gross and flagrant charges attributed to me.* Secondly, I *positively deny* ever having, during my sojourn in America, reported, or caused to be reported, the impudent falsehood said to have been published or spread by me; and, thirdly, the individuals to whom it is alleged I have traduced your contemporary, I must distinctly and emphatically assert are themselves untrue and slanderous. I cannot help saying that the vindictive and somewhat scurrilous manner in which your contemporary has thought proper to deal with me, in its report of the late fight between Mace and King, without giving me an opportunity of refutation, assertion, or denial, is a proceeding the propriety of which I must leave to your good taste to consider. I am aware of the influence, and respect the impartiality of an editorial pen; but I am also cognisant that, from erroneous impressions, prejudice, or misconception, it can easily do injustice to the innocent. I would call your attention to your contemporary's paragraphic article of Saturday last, of the giving up of the battle money to Mace, at his house, wherein it was said that any denial of mine would be published. I may ask your contemporary *why he omitted to publish my letter last week.* It is hard, indeed, to be impugned and injured without being afforded an opportunity of defence. I asked your contemporary if he had any of the American papers by him, or any proofs of the statement that I was given as the authority for the articles against him, and his reply *was in the negative.* Surely, any censure that the American press may have deemed expedient to heap upon *Bell's Life*, it was not my province to contradict. In another portion of the article, it is stated that to your contemporary alone I am indebted for my engagement by Heenan. Now, if I am to quote the words of my own friend, Heenan, he said that the editor of *Bell's Life did all he could to poison his mind against me*, and, consequently, I must put you right upon that point. The truth is, upon Mr. Falkland's arrival in England, I was at once engaged by him to manage the affair, from a previous arrangement. The article in question proceeds thus:—"Macdonald, on hearing of this (the charges), declared most solemnly that he never made any such statements, and also denied authorising the attacks in the American papers, assuring us positively that he was at enmity with the editors of those papers, who had merely taken notice of Heenan to get what they could out of him, and published the statements to him (Macdonald) on inquiry, and would not have permitted his contradictions to appear if he had sent them. He had attacked the chief of those individuals publicly for his conduct, and had compelled him to apologise, which was the utmost he could do." Now, sir, I tell you, without reference to the paltry advantage taken of a private conversation, by endeavoring to prejudice in me the minds of those from whom I have received the utmost kindness and consideration, *that there is no truth in this supposed conversation.* What did I actually say to justify the above astounding and unfounded assertions? Your contemporary says it does not wish to injure any man; surely such statements would be injurious to me. Is it because I mentioned that I had had a trifling difference with Mr. Wilkes while in England, that these remarks were grounded? I am at enmity at the present time with no gentleman, or any others connected with the American press. In conclusion, I must apologise for trespassing at this length upon your space, and trust I shall be pardoned when the injustice that has been imputed to me is duly considered. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant, JOHN MACDONALD.

This letter places the editor of *Bell* in a very perplexing predicament, and lessens him still more in public estimation. To answer his own mischievous ends, he put words in the mouth of Macdonald, which the latter denies ever having uttered. He endeavors to create a quarrel between Macdonald and his American friends, and is furious when he is taken to task for his dastardly conduct. He has exhibited such barefaced villainy in the whole business, from the time the International Match was made until the present, that many of his own countrymen, who have heretofore placed confidence in his opinions and decisions, now question whether they have not been victims of his double dealing. The secret of *Bell's* enmity to Macdonald is this: as a second of Heenan, he, Macdonald, refused to be made a tool of by the referee. The former acted the part of an honest man, which the latter did not. Macdonald did his duty to his charge, and to those who employed him; and for doing this, he is maligned by a man who should be among the first to support honest, legitimate sporting interests. It is stated that the referee in the International Fight was pecuniarily interested in the result of that event, and that the award of the stakes and Belt to Heenan would have almost ruined him. The stubbornness with which Jack Macdonald carried his protege through, in the face of the strongest opposition from the authorities and press of England, placed the referee in a most awkward position, while it increased the reputation, and added to the already high character for honesty of the "man of Dublin," the gallant Macdonald. The referee has never forgiven Mac, and now, by false accusations, is endeavoring to crush him; but of the two, we think the little second will be sustained by the honest portion the British sporting public, while the runaway Referee will prove to be "the under dog in the fight."

We are not alone in our estimation of the incapacity of *Bell's Life* for the place it occupies in the sporting world. No. We have evidence of its duplicity from London sources. Here is an instance. A short time since, a Steeple Chase took place, and two horses ran a double dead heat, and the owners agreed to divide the stakes, which carried outside bets on a division likewise; but *Bell's Life*, being interested, probably, in these wagers, made a decision to suit its own interests, and declared all bets null and void. This precious decision, says the *Sporting Life*, "naturally enough created some confusion, as many unprincipled persons, to suit their own purposes, chose to recognise *Bell's Life* as an authority, and refused to settle their accounts. The same journal, for a length of time obstinately insisted, week after week, that the backers of Promised Land for a place in the Derby of 1859, won their money, inasmuch as the horse was placed fourth by the judge, when a child who knows anything of racing is aware that the only interpretation of 'place-betting' is first, second, or third. This outrageous *dictum* led to much inconvenience among bookmakers at the time, but we shamed our contemporary into an acknowledgment of its silliness and ignorance."

But the concluding portion of a long editorial article on this betting question, sums up the character of *Bell's Life* in very few words. Here it is, as we find it in the *Sporting Life* of Feb. 12:—

Our contemporary shirks every responsibility to be incurred in *upholding the solid interests of sporting men. It winks at every abuse*; it truckles to, and fawns upon, the aristocracy, and is down drivelling on its knees if any one menace it for even the timid criticism in which it occasionally indulges. These traits are harmlessly contemptible, but we cannot permit its priggish arrogance to pass by unheeded when it tends to interrupt the proper discharge of accounts, *and misrepresent the established rules upon which sport is conducted.*

And this is the paper, one of the editors of which was selected as referee in a pugilistic match, on the result of which hundreds of thousands of dollars, in both England and America, were pending. And this editor, this "model referee," now seeks to destroy a brave and trusty man for the honest manner in which he attended to the wants and interests of a stranger. MacDonald cannot suffer at the hands of such a man.

WORLD'S FAIR.—As the Great Exhibition of the World's Fair for 1862 will soon commence, a few statistics in relation to that of 1851 may be acceptable to American readers. The total number of persons who entered the building, according to the police returns, was 6,063,956. There are now many more facilities for traveling than in 1851. The greatest number of people ascertained to have been in the building at one time was at 2 P. M. on the 7th October, when 92,000 were present. On that day the number of visitors reached its maximum, and was 109,915. On the last six days, 518,277 persons were admitted. Contrary to expectation, the first Shilling day of the Exhibition only produced £920 2s., the smallest daily receipts. People were fearing a crush, and thus the attendance was small. The last Shilling day but one brought the largest revenue of any single day, viz: £5,283 3s. The total income of the Exhibition from all sources, amounted to £523,673 8s. 8l. Of the money received at the doors, £275,000 was in silver coin, weighing 35 tons; and £81,000 in gold. Only one bad coin in gold was taken, but the counterfeit silver amounted to £90, nearly the whole of which was taken in the hurry on the Half-crown and Five shilling days.

GONE IN.—As we have not heard lately of the genius who calls himself "Jack Sheppard," and pretends that he was the trainer of John Morrissey when the latter had to contend with John C. Heenan, we may fairly conclude that the supposed pedestrian has had his movements clogged by our exposures. Of course. 'Would a duck swim?" or, as our profane English friends sometimes say, "W-a-l-k-e-r!"

STANDING ARMIES

AND "PHYSICAL EDUCATION FOR THE SOLDIER."

EDITOR CLIPPER—Your article in this week's number of the CLIPPER on this important subject must commend itself to the mind of every reflecting man that loves his country. The peace party may flatter themselves as they like with the idea that standing armies are a delusion, and but one of the remnants of a barbaric age, soon to be swept away by their logic, and the sword be turned into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook. Notwithstanding their flattering dogmas, there is no getting over the fact (which history fully bears out) that no country of ancient or modern times, (that has attained to any degree of prosperity) has been able to dispense with the services of such a body. Egypt at the earliest times had between 400,000 and 500,000 of an army; Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Macedonia, all had immense armies, and *could not* exist without them. Nor can modern nations expect to be more blessed in this respect so long as man exists in his present form, with all the passions of ambition, avarice, hate, jealousy, etc. When the millenium comes, armies can be disbanded, not before; in the meantime, there is a good deal of truth in Napoleon's saying that "the Lord fights on the side that has the heaviest artillery." I presume he meant in other words, that God helps them that help themselves, and it is seen to be so generally.

But there is another great fact that must strike the mind of him who has studied the history of mankind in a philosophical manner, and that is that in the battles between the armies of former great nations, it was not those who were most numerous and best equipped that won the most battles or the greatest glory, but those whose physical education and training had been most assiduously attended to. The Greeks paid great attention to physical training. They gave valuable prizes to the athletes that excelled in the various games requiring strength, skill, endurance, and pluck. They crowned the Young Victors with laurel wreaths, and paid to them even greater honor than they did to their greatest and ablest law givers, poets, or orators, (vide account of Olympic games) The result of such training made their troops invincible: the vast hosts of Xerxes were powerless when opposed to the unconquerable Phalanx of Sparta and of Athens. The battles of Thermopylæ, of Marathon and of Platea are some of the landmarks left in the track of time, showing what has and can be done by soldiers whose physical training is properly attended to. Verily some of the nations of antiquity were wiser in their generation than the modern nations. Lord Byron's reproach to the modern Greeks might aptly and with justice be applied to the people of other nations, as well as theirs. Mournfully he says:—

"You have the Phyrric dance as yet,
Where is the Phyrric Phalanx gone—
Of two such lessons why forget the
nobler and the *manlier one.*"

In the palmy days of the Roman Empire, when *her* victorious soldiers carried her Eagles in triumph over almost all of the then known world, the training (physically) to which her soldiers were subjected was most severe: certain hours being prescribed for exercise in running, jumping, boxing, wrestling, climbing, swimming, at *all* seasons, and both with and without accoutrements; (you recollect in Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare makes Cæsar ask Cassius, "dares thou, Cassius, jump into this angry flood and swim to yonder point?" "Upon the word, accoutred as I was, I plunged in, and bade him follow; which indeed he did," etc.); long marches, the soldiers carrying heavy weights, and all this besides the usual drills.

Was it much to be wondered at that men who went through such an ordeal of preparation were almost invariably victorious? It was only when effeminacy and luxuriousness took hold of the Romans, introduced by Eastern captives, and adopted by them during their invasion, that the physical education of the Roman soldier began to be neglected, and soon the effects of this neglect became apparent. The Roman soldiers were no longer the Iron Legions they had been; her dissolute and now enervated men were no longer a match for even the nude, ignorant, (but still by the nature of their wild lives, physically well trained) Germannic Tribes, Goths, Gauls, etc., that soon overrun her provinces, and carried desolation even to the gates of Imperial Rome. Rome lost her Empire by neglecting to develope the muscle and activity of her soldiers. That is a fact that our great men and generals should ponder over here. I may renew this subject next week.

New York, Feb. 25, '62. CHARLES CLIFTON.

WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA.—SNOW SHOE RACES.—On the afternoon of the 1st inst., the annual races of the Aurora Snow Shoe Club came off over the ground of the Montreal Cricket Club. His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, attended by his staff, was present, as well as a large number of the officers of the troops now in that city. The Honorary Stewards were Lieut. Col. Ermatinger, Colonel Dyde, Lieut. Colonel Coursol, and J. G. McKenzie, Esq. There was a very large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, who completely crowded the stand and the ground in the vicinity.

THE RACES.

Shortly after two o'clock, 18 lads entered for the first (boys') race, of half a mile. Won by James Bowie; time 4 min. 16 sec.

Second Race, for Indians and others, 4 miles, purse $20; five competitors, one a white; won by Takaronte; time 34 min. 11 sec; the white came in second.

Third Race—28 soldiers entered, 10 men of the 16th, and 18 of the 47th regiment; race 1 mile, first man to get $10, second $6, and third $4; Corporal Storey, of the 47th, was the winner of the first prize; time, 9 min. 35 sec.; second Grantham, and third Skene, all of the 47th.

Fourth—hurdle race, in heats of 100 yards, for a belt; Irwin, of the Aurora S. S. Club, came in first twice, in three heats, and won the prize.

Fifth race, one mile, for a silver medal; six whites and two Indians entered; won by an Indian; time, 7 min. 25 sec.; Dowd second, having won the first half mile.

Sixth race, for the Club Cup, two miles; there were eight entries; Tate winner; time, 15 min. 43 sec.

Seventh race, dash of 100 yards; won by Irwin; prize, silver medal.

Eighth and last race—Volunteer Militia race, one mile, open to non-commissioned officers and privates of Volunteer Corps only, on ten-inch snow-shoes; prize, a rifle; won by Radiger; time, 7 min. 30 seconds.

At the conclusion, General Williams distributed the prizes to the winners, congratulating them on their success. The gallant General, who kindly promised twice as large a cup to be run for next year, was enthusiastically cheered, as were also the successful competitors.

CURLING IN CANADA.—A curling match between one of the rinks of the Montreal clubs, and four players, taken from the three clubs in the city, came off on Feb 22d; score, Montreal 22—Grandfather 27.

HAMILTON VS. LONDON.—Played at London, Feb. 12, London winning by 2 shots.

HAMILTON—Rink 1, 22; 2, 30; 3, 22; 4, 10—84.

LONDON—Rink 1, 15; 2, 16; 3, 11; 4, 40—82.

A MATCH between the Mechanics and Merchants of London, was played at London, Feb. 14, the Mechanics winning by 3 shots.

A MATCH was played, Feb 14th, on the Bay, between the Burlington and Dundas clubs. The match was a closely contested one, and terminated in favor of Dundas by two shots.

TORONTO VS ANCASTER.—Played at Toronto, 22nd Feb; 2 rinks, 8 players a side; majority in favor of Toronto—5 shots.

TORONTO—Rink 1, 18; 2, 28—46.

ANCASTER—Rink 1, 20; 2, 22—42.

THE HAMILTONIANS intend forming a skating rink at the east end of that city, near St. Thomas' Church.

THE QUEBECKERS have a fine skating rink outside the St. Louis Gate of that city.

TRAP SHOOTING IN IOWA.—The members of the Keokuk, Iowa, Shooting Club, finding it impossible to get on another match with outsiders, and having a quantity of birds on hand, two of the crack shots of the club shot a match for $20, which resulted in quite an exciting affair. The conditions were to shoot at 15 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards boundary, 1½ oz shot, subject to the rules of the club. The day was fine, and the birds flew well. The following is the score:—

Mr Stannus.....111100100110111101—12
Mr Bowden.....111110111111010111—15

CAMP THEATRICALS.—A NEW THEATRE.

FIRST REGIMENT, EXCELSIOR BRIGADE,
CAMP BARNUM, Md., Feb. 27, '62.

FRIEND QUEEN—On behalf of the "Friend Dramatic Association," I would respectfully inform the Clipperites (whose name is legion) that, notwithstanding the rain and its sequence of mud, as far as they are concerned "everything is lovely and the goose hangs high"—classically speaking. Theatricals are decidedly in the ascendant in this division of the grand army. The new "temple," which I noticed some time since as in course of erection by the above mentioned organization, has at last been completed, and is now "open to the public"—who, by the way, manifest a great readiness to extend a liberal support to the enterprise. Before proceeding farther, however, we'll give you an insight into the fashioning of the edifice. It is built up with pine logs to the height of ten feet, upon the top of which, by means of stanchions, is placed a large sized wall tent—such as are generally used for hospitals—the walls of the tent lying upon poles reaching from the eaves to the upper logs, having a fall of some three feet. Added to the main building are two what you might call "private boxes," one on each side of the front entrance, each of which is capable of accommodating thirty persons comfortably—that is, of course, when there's no *hoops* in the question. In dimensions, the building is about twenty feet in width by thirty-five in depth—ten feet high in the lowest point of the roof, and twenty-five in the centre. Twelve feet deep of this has been apportioned off for the stage, leaving an auditorium of sufficient capacity to afford "standee room" for two hundred persons not of Aldermanic proportions. A cosy little stage has been erected, raised about two feet, and made of planks taken from one of the government schooners sunk by the rebels on the lower Potomac; it has been fitted up with a drop curtain of red, white, and blue silk, wings, flats, foot lights, etc., and presents quite a "theatrical" appearance. A handsomely painted border has been placed in position, in the centre of which, in an oval outline, appears the name of "Hooker," Brigadier General commanding the division. In the space above this is fitted a piece of white muslin, adorned with a medallion head of Washington, surmounted by a spread eagle, with a streamer in his bill, bearing the name of the association. Flags are tastefully arranged, and on each side are wreaths encircling the names of M'Clellan, Sickles, and Dwight. The design is excellent, and the painting a credit to the artistic skill of Mr. Harry Forbes. The initial performance was given on the evening of the recent anniversary of the birth of the immortal Washington. The occasion was honored with the presence of all the officers of this regiment, together with a few from the other regiments of the brigade—not to mention quite a lively sprinkling of the fair sex, whose sunny smiles gave *eclat* to the scene. Invitations had been issued to Generals Hooker and Sickles, together with their respective staffs, and in anticipation of their attendance a "private box" had been fitted up for their accommodation; on account of the inclement weather—the rain pouring down in torrents all day and night—they did not "put in an appearance." As it was, however, the house was crowded. The band of the regiment—which is composed of twenty members, and arrived from New York last week—performed a number of popular pieces in front of the building before the entertainment commenced. At eight o'clock the curtain rang up, and the ball opened with the military drama of the "Old Guard"—repeated by request of Colonel Dwight, who is a great admirer of "little Nap." Mr. Forbes appeared as Havresac, and his rendition of the part was really good—a decided improvement on that of the previous evening; he received well merited applause in several instances. Lord Beauville was personated by Mr Pease; his conception of the part was good, and his acting creditable; he dressed immensely—though in good taste—and rather astonished the audience by his display of "citizen" finery. The Melanie of Mrs. Affousti was a passable performance only; she should learn to infuse more life and animation into her acting. The other characters in the piece were rendered in a tolerably fair manner; the actors were "well up" in their parts, and the stage was not kept waiting at any time, as is nearly always the case at amateur exhibitions. After this came an olio of recitation, singing and dancing—the most noticeable feature of which was the "Irish reel," done by Charley Walsh and Corporal Deasy; it "brought down the house," and received a roaring *encore*, as it richly deserved. Mr. Lea, our *basso profundo*, sang the "Old Sexton," but his style of warbling proved unsuited to the audience and the occasion, and created no enthusiasm; it was rather *too* solemncholy. After an overture by the orchestra, the popular comic drama of "The Toodles" was presented. Mr. Daly sustained the character of Timothy, and was "immense" therein; he introduced a number of new "gags," and kept the audience in one continual roar of laughter from the moment of his entrance to his exit. The business of the drunken scene was admirably conceived and worked up, and in certain particulars we have never seen it better performed. The enaction of this difficult *role* has established the reputation of Mr. Daly as a low comedian throughout the regiment; I never saw him do so well in any character before. Mrs. Affousti supported him very well as Mrs. Toodles—the lady with a *penchant* for vendues. Mr. Temmie, as George Acorn, and Mr. Forbes, as Farmer Acorn, were excellent. Master Steele made up as Mary, and it would have non-plussed individuals with sharper optics than those who were puzzled by Zoyara to determine his gender, when arrayed in feminine garb. Master S. sustained the character exceedingly well. The Charles Fenton of Mr. Maxwell was a tolerably fair interpretation of the bluff young sailor, ready at any time to strike a blow in defece of his friends. The piece was a greater success than any we have attempted yet; it is precisely the style for the army, and we intend to confine ourselves hereafter almost exclusively to comedy and farce. This ended the evening's entertainment, and the audience dispersed to their quarters well pleased with the exhibition. We were to perform again on Monday evening, and had invited Company E to be present, but we had a high old storm during the day, which unfortunately blew down part of the shanty, damaged the scenery, etc., and it took until Wednesday evening to get ready again. On that evening, however, we opened out again, the house being crowded to its utmost capacity. The pieces presented were "Toodles" and the "Irish Tutor," between which Mr Pease recited "Bingen on the Rhine." Mr. Temmie repeated the "Lay of the Madman," a double jig was danced by Messrs Walsh and Deasy, and several songs, sentimental and comic, "got off" by others—all well received. The entertainment lasted some two hours, and gave the most complete satisfaction. Many were turned away from the doors, it being impossible to make room for them. It is the intention, as long as we remain here, to give at least three performances per week, at ten cents per head, and, from all appearances, there's no question of the thing being a success as long as rightly conducted. A performance will be given this evening, and another to-morrow. A number of pieces are in rehearsal. Gens Hooker and Sickles, and Cols. Hall and Dwight have requested us to give a performance to the officers of the division, which will come off some evening next week. There is some talk of our going to Fortress Monroe in a few days time, and so we may possibly give a performance in "Dixie" one of these days soon. Good! A minstrel band has been organized in the regiment. It is composed of some eight members. They give performances at different farm houses, about once per week, and very good ones, too, I am told, though I have never seen them myself. By this you will see that there is no scarcity of amusement to suit the tastes of the boys hereabouts just now.

ADELPHI.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

MACE AND GOSS.—The Champion, as we informed our readers on Wednesday, duly covered the "fiver" left by Goss with the stakeholder, to have the first chance with the game and scientific Mace, in a battle for the belt and £200. According to the suggestion of the stakeholder, the men were to have met yesterday, Friday, to draw up articles, and, by adding £20 a side, swell the money down to £50. Mace, in company with his principal backer, Mr. Moss Phillips, and Mr Montague, Jem's agent, waited at the appointed place, prepared to complete the negotiations, but Goss was not present, in consequence of suffering from the injury sustained in his late encounter with Ryall, Bob Brettle's Big'un. Joe, however, was represented by his principal backers, but the articles were not drawn up, and no fresh "stuff" was posted. It seems to be a pretty general opinion, that Goss will ultimately forfeit to Mace, but that his friends mean business with him in another quarter, will be seen from a notice which we have received, to the effect that "A gentleman will be at the Navigation Inn, Birmingham, on Monday next, prepared to back Joe Goss, for from £500 to £1000 a side, against either Ryall or Bob Brettle; first come first served, or both, two months after each other." It is not too much to say, that Goss disappointed all good judges in his fight with Ryall, on Tuesday, and it is also asserted by very competent critics that he would be an easy prey to Jem's prowess. Still, the injury to Goss' shoulder should be borne in mind, and if he did not perform up to the expectations of his friends, he, at least, fully sustained his reputation for gameness. He declared to us that he was not hurt, except in the accidental injury to the scapula, and that he had no worse effects from Ryall handiwork than a bare "punch in the eye." Mace and his friends, however, are determined to give Goss every chance, for though the Champion could have claimed forfeit yester day, he agreed to wait until Thursday next, to give the Northampton candidate for the belt every opportunity. At the same time, Mace's backers are so well satisfied of his ability to defend his trophy, that they have offered, in the event of a match being made, to bet £500 to £400 on their man. Mace called upon us yesterday, having lost all trace of his late contest with Tom King. The Champion appeared in wonderful health and spirits, expressing his intention of fighting for the belt as long as he is able to use his fists, and declaring that he is quite anxious to meet any man no matter how big. TO FIGHT HEENAN, MACE TELLS US, IS THE ARDENT WISH OF HIS HEART, INASMUCH AS THE WORLD INSISTS UPON REGARDING THE BENICIA BOY AS THE BEST OF ALL THE BIG'UNS. Macdonald has written us a letter, complaining of the treatment he has received at the hands of the editor of *Bell's Life*. Without expressing any opinion upon Macdonald's disagreements, we may add, that the manner in which that excellent second acquitted himself in Tom King's corner, was beyond all commendation. In conclusion, MACE WISHES US TO STATE EMPHATICALLY, THAT HE IS LONGING FOR AN ENCOUNTER WITH HEENAN, SHOULD THE BENICIAN THINK THE BELT WORTH TRYING FOR ONCE MORE. Jem says there is no fear of "the 'Merrikin" not having "fair play," and that he looks upon that plea as an excuse quite unworthy of one of the heroes of the fight at Farnborough.—*Sporting Life, Feb* 15.

COCKING.—ALBANY versus TROY.—Another main is to be fought between the cockers of Albany and Troy, in a few days. It will be for $1000.

MAIN IN CLEVELAND.—A main of nineteen cocks will come off on the 20th inst., at Jim Brown's Pit, Cleveland, Ohio, between John Bowee, of Pennsylvania, and Jim Brown, of Cleveland. It is for $10 each battle, and $200 the main.

RACING AT FAIRS.—By a recent decision at Rochester, N. Y., it is thought that racing at agricultural fairs will hereafter be prohibited. Nobody will suffer but the jockeys and the "gay gambuliers."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward *post paid* at the prices named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo. pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BEADLE'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR, pp. 80, by the same, 10 cents. MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS, $1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THEO M. BROWN, St. Louis.—We got hold of some "fag ends" of your letter and its contents; it got "pied" on its way. Luckily we have been able to "patch up" the Prob., which very welcome visitant shall be duly honored. Written you.

C. A. GILBERG.—Begun upon them, as you see; contributions at once as neat and good as yours go into our private collection. Analyze closely with some skilful friend, and send us few but perfect.

BEADLE.—The "Chess Instructors" are safe at hand.

A. MUNDY, Seneca Falls.—In default of your letter having either date or address we have complied with your request by addressing you as above.

JAS A. LEONARD.—Hope the chess errand is not much trouble: "what's the use o' havin' friends, if ye can't use 'em," you know. *That report!* Tell E. W. B., the—facetious, drove us insane, raving—till we read the explanation. Bad boys!

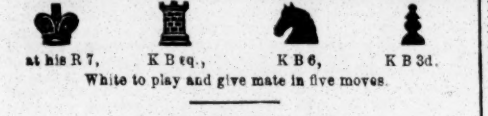
F. E. BRENZINGER.—Dispatched you a note; and, through you, to the "Paulsen Schach Club—make a note on't.

ENIGMA No. 319.

From Bell's Life in London.

BY HERR CONRAD BAYER.

at his B 2, Q R 2, K Kt 6, K R 4th.



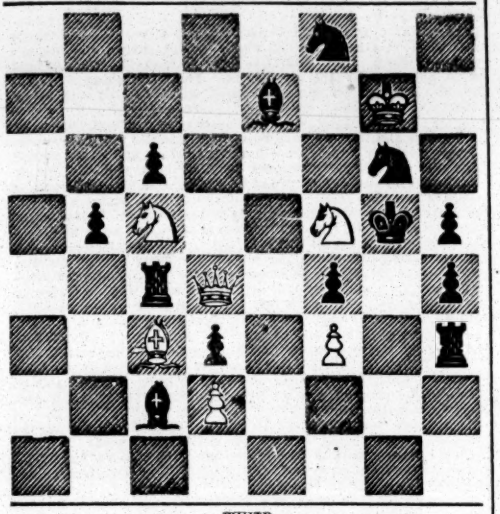
at his R 7, K B sq., K B 6, K B 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 319.

BY CHAS. A. GILBERG.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME NO. 319.

Board No. 5 of a "blindfold" match at the "Morphy Chess Rooms." James A. Leonard playing nine other games in the same way and at the same time.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, C. A. Gilberg.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, C. A. Gilberg.
1..P to K 4	P-K 4	12..Q Kt to B 3	Q B-Kt 5
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..P-K R 3	Q B-K 3
3..K B-Kt 5	K B-B 4	14..Q-K 2(*b*)	Q-her 2
4..P-Q B 3	K Kt-K 2	15..K Kt-R 2	K Kt-K 4
5..Castles	P-Q 3	16..P-K B 4	Kt x K B
6..P-Q 4	K P x P	17..Q x K Kt	P-K B 4
7..B P x P	K B-Kt 3	18..Q B x B	B P x B
8..P-Q 5	Castles(*a*)	19..K P x P	B x B 2d P
9..Q P x Kt	Kt P x P	20..Q-her B 4 +	P-Q 4
10..K B-Q 3	P-K R 3	21..Q x B P (!!!), and *seeing* the fatal error directly, Mr. Leonard resigned.	
11..Q B-K 3	Kt-K Kt 3		

(*a*) From this point the Defence should lose. We cannot see how he proposed to get even for the sacrifice here involved.

(*b*) Having in every respect a beautiful and superior game.

(!!!) One of those misapprehensions of position arising solely, his friends urge, from the reckless haste with which he so often rushes through the openings. A clear consideration of *every* move for, say, even *one minute* would, it has been well suggested, no doubt have saved him a number of games, first and last, by reaping a well-earned and legitimate victory.

Board No. 3, at the "Morphy," Jan. 17th, 1862.

RUY LOPEZ KT'S GAME.

Leonard.	Gilberg.	Leonard.	Gilberg.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..P to K B 4	Kt x K P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..K R-K sq	P-K B 4
3..K B-Kt 5	P-Q R 3	16..Q Kt x B	Q x Q Kt
4..K B-R 4	P-Q Kt 4(*c*)	17..Q-her 5	Q R-Q B sq(*e*)
5..B-Q Kt 3	P-Q 3	18..Q x K B P	K-Q sq(*f*)
6..Castles	K B-K 2	19..K R x Kt	Q-K B sq
7..P-Q 4	K P x P	20..Q-K Kt 4	P-K R 3
8..K B-Q 5	Q-her 2	21..P-K B 5	P-Q 4
9..Kt x Q 2d P	Q B-Kt 2	22..K R-K 6	P-Q B 3
10..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	23..B-K B 4	Q-K B 2
11..K Kt x Kt	Q B x Kt	24..P-K B 6	Kt P x P
12..K B x B	Q x K B	25..R-Q 6 +, and Defence resigns.	
13..Q Kt-Q 5	Q-her 2d(*d*)	Time, 2 hours.	

(*c*) Better have played K Kt to B 3d, being then upon the soundest line of Defence known to this assault. He may play this move, if the Attack answer this 3d move with 4..P-Q B 3d.

(*d*) He should have taken Kt with Kt, and then castled.

(*e*) Losing at once, as the rejoinder shows.

(*f*) Must lose a piece.—E. W. BRYANT.

Another of Herr Kolisch's brilliancies. Remove the Attack's Q Kt.—*Era.*

EVANS GAMBIT.

Attack, Herr Kolisch.	Defence, M Barbies.	Attack, Herr Kolisch.	Defence, M. Barbier.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..K R to K sq	P to K 5(*h*)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..K B x P	K Kt x B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14..K R x Kt+	Q B-K 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B x Kt P	15..P-Q 5	Q-K B 3
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	16..Q P x B	B P x P
6..Castles	K Kt-B 3	17..Kt-his 5	P-K 4(*i*)
7..P-Q 4	K P x P	18..Q-her 5	Q Kt-B 3
8..B P x P	K B-Kt 3	19..R-K B 4(*k*)	Q R-Q sq
9..Q B-R 3(*g*)	Q Kt-R 4	20..Q-her Kt 3	K P x R
10..K B-Q 3	P-Q 3	21..Q R-K sq +	K-Q 2, and Attack mates in 2 moves.
11..P-K 5	Q P x P		

(*g*) In giving the odds of Q Kt, this is a very good mode of proceeding with the Attack.

(*h*) Had the Defence played 12..B takes Q P, the loss of the game would have immediately followed, *e. g.*:—

12..	B x Q P	14..K B to Kt 5 +	K to Q sq
13..Kt x K B	Q x K Kt	15..Q x Q +, winning easily.	

(*i*) If Q + Kt mate would have ensued in a few moves.

(*k*) A masterly stroke! it is as ingenious as it is decisive.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNER'S SURE GUIDE.—A new edition of the above work (by the CLIPPER Draught Editor,) is now ready. (R. M. DeWitt, publisher, Frankfort street, New York.) The book is precisely what its title indicates, containing the elements of the game in *full*; beautifully printed on fine paper. Gilt, price 38 cents, post paid to all parts of the United States. Address FRANK QUEEN, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

☞ Send cash or stamps and the book will be forwarded at once.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO, Philadelphia, Pa.—Draw it mild, friend N.; when you forward your correspondence in regular order it will be quite sufficient, *even then*, for you to come the *dictation dodge*. Please arrange before forwarding, and *then* if we fail to transmit your copy faithfully to the compositor—why, a quiet reminder in that gentlemanly style which our trusting nature gives you credit for possessing, will always receive careful consideration.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Palmville, Vt.—Thanks for the position dedicated to our humble self. It's a good one; and appears this week. Don't imagine that we give it away in re-dedicating it to the boys across the water.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—All O. K., regarding that 2nd game. Will reserve it.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—CARD.—March 4, 1862.—ED. CLIPPER: "The mountain has labored" and brought forth—what?—"one leetle small mice." The great "Luminary of the West," the self-styled champion, dare not play a match for the Championship and a stake, after all the blowing of his particular adviser, Spectator. "How are the mighty (in a horn) fallen!" I have nothing more to say.

Yours truly, EXPRESS.

P. S. The Irish Sporting Times, and the Scottish Banner, have seen that Drysdale, Mercer, Bethell, and Kenyon, are each superior to Spayth, and beside, he dare not back his pretensions with a stake.

GAME NO. 42.—VOL. IX.

SPAYTH VS. BETHELL.

In Aug. 1838.

Black. Spayth.		White. Bethell.		Black. Spayth.		White. Bethell.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	16..16	to 20	19	to 15
2.. 9	14	22	17	17.. 7	11	14	10
3.. 7	11	26	22	18..20	24	10	1
4..11	16	26	23	19.. 9	14	18	9
5.. 5	9	17	13	20..11	27	9	6
6.. 3	7	29	25	21.. 2	9	13	6
7.. 1	5	22	17	22..27	31	6	2
8.. 8	11	31	26	23..24	27	2	6
9.. 4	8	25	22	24..27	32	6	10
10..16	20	23	18	25..32	27	10	14
11..14	28	27	18	26..12	16	1	6
12..20	27	32	23	27..16	19	6	10
13..15	24	28	19	28.. 8	12	14	18
14..11	16	17	14	29..19	23 and Spayth won.		
15. 10	17	28	14				

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 46—VOL. IX.

BY C. ALLEN.

White.		Black	
1..23	18	17	26
2..27	24	20	27
3..12	8	4	11
4..19	15	10	19
5.. 3	8	1	10
6.. 8	22, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 64th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..21	17	9	13
2..10	15	19	10
3..18	14	13	22
4..14	16, and wins.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
14..14	18	19	16
15..10	15	17	14

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
16.. 1	6	23	16
17.. 6	10	28	24
18..10	15	16	12
19.. 5	9		

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2.. 8	11	26	23
3.. 9	13	28	18

POSITION No. 47.—VOL. IX.

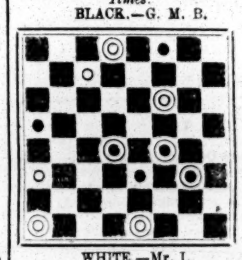
END-GAME: occurring in play between

"GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY" AND MR L.

Dedicated to I. D. J. Sweet,

Re-dedicated to the *Irish Sporting Times*.

BLACK.—G. M. B.

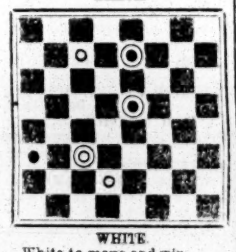


WHITE.—Mr. L.

Black to move and win.

THE 65th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND DEFIANCE.

DYKE.

Black, Green Mountain Boy.		White, Defiance.		Black, Green Mountain Boy.		White, Defiance.	
1..11	15	22	17	10.. 1	5	25	22
2..15	19	23	16	11..14	17	21	14
3..12	19	24	15	12.. 6	9	13	6
4..10	19	25	22	13.. 2	25	30	21
5.. 8	11	27	23	14.. 5	9	23	18
6..11	16(*a*)	17	13	15.. 8	12	18	14
7.. 4	8	22	18	16.. 9	18	26	23
8.. 9	14	18	9	17..19	26	31	15
9.. 5	14	29	25	18..16	19	32	27

(*a*) Leaves the Books. Drawn.

GAME BETWEEN ON THE SQUARE AND W. S. KNIGHT.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, On the Square.		White, W. S. Knight.		Black, On the Square.		White, W. S. Knight.	
1..11	15	22	18	9..12	19	20	16(*d*
2..15	22	25	18	10..11	27	18	11
3.. 8	11	29	25	11.. 7	16	31	15
4.. 4	8	25	22(*a*)	12..16	20(*e*)	28	24
5..12	16	24	20	13..20	27	32	28
6..10	15(*b*)	21	17	14.. 9	13	23	18(*f*)
7.. 8	12	27	24(*c*)	15.. 6	10	15	6(*g*)
8..16	19	23	16	16.. 1	10, and wins.		

(*a*) I like 24 to 20 better.

(*b*) 8 to 12 a stronger move.

(*c*) 27 to 24 weak; 17 to 13 is much better.

(*d*) 31 to 27 best.

(*e*) 16 to 19 and 9 to 13 are the book moves here; 16 to 20 probably as good.

(*f*) 30 to 25 draws. [See A. D. P. variation 62, at the 6th move, page 40.] If 23 to 18—loses.

(*g*) I wish White had continued the game a while longer; some pretty play left by 16..26 to 23.

BALL PLAY.

THE MYSTIC CLUB.

The following is the analysis of the season's play of the members of the above Club, who have taken part in first nine matches during 1861:—

Players.	Matches played in	Hands Lost	Average and over	Runs	Average and over	Highest score in a Match	Clear Scores	Matches where no runs made	Most hands out	Least hands out
Barre	1	3	3.0	3	3.0	3	0	0	3	3
C Glover	9	19	2.1	28	8.1	6	1	0	4	0
W Glover	8	25	3.1	13	1.5	3	0	1	5	1
Gray	8	21	2.5	19	2.3	5	0	0	4	1
Gaylor	1	2	2.0	1	1.0	1	0	0	2	2
Haynes	2	6	3.0	8	4.0	4	0	0	3	3
W Kelly	8	16	2.0	26	3.2	4	0	0	4	1
H Kelly	8	23	2.7	17	2.1	4	0	0	5	1
T Kelly	9	28	3.1	18	2.0	5	0	1	5	1
Manson	9	29	3.2	16	1.7	3	0	0	5	1
McCarthy	9	16	1.7	29	3.2	4	0	0	3	1
Mills	1	5	5.0	0	0.0	0	0	1	5	5
O'Connor	2	6	3.0	5	2.1	3	0	0	3	4
Reynolds	1	4	4.0	0	0.0	0	0	1	4	3
Shipman	1	3	3.0	1	1.0	1	0	0	3	3
M Sweeny	4	15	3.3	5	1.1	2	0	1	6	2

ADDITIONAL STATISTICS.

The Mystic Club have played in nine first nine matches, of which they have won five and lost four. The games they won were with the Resolute, Free and Easy, Niagara, and Unknown, the latter twice. Those they have lost being with the Resolute twice, and Constellation twice. The clubs they were successful against were the Resolute, Free and Easy, Niagara, and Unknown; those they lost with being the Constellation and Resolute.

The total number of runs obtained in the above matches was 189, and the total number of innings 70, which gives an average of two runs to one innings, and 49 over, or of 29 to a match. The total number of runs obtained by their opponents in the same matches was 125.

There were 11 innings in which no runs were obtained. The number of the score on the part of their opponents being 21.

The highest score obtained in one innings was 12, the lowest being 4; the highest on the part of their opponents being 9, and the lowest 10.

There was but one match in which double figures were obtained in single innings, there being none obtained by their opponents.

The highest score made in one match was 35, the lowest being 10. The highest of their opponents being 23, and the lowest 5.

Their first game was played June 22d, and their last Oct. 24th.

N. B.—In the above analysis all scores are omitted, save those that appeared in the CLIPPER.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN.

BY NED JAMES,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER NINE.

CONTINUED.

HARRY BROOME'S HOUSE.

As it was but a few minutes walk from Newbold's to Russell street, and the afternoon being mostly gone, I proceeded to pay a visit to Harry Broome's, the "Crown and Cushion," Russell street, Covent Garden. The theatre is in close proximity, and his trade, to a certain extent, depends on whether it is open or closed. Unfortunately, Covent Garden had been shut for some time, rendering Harry's business in a state bordering on *statu quo*, but with G. V. Brooke's name placarded in twelve inch letters as shortly to appear, a ray of hope seemed to sit on the faces of the different shopkeepers in the refreshment line, quite pleasant to contemplate. There was little trouble experienced in finding the place this time, so without further ceremony I will introduce you to Mrs. Broome, who served me as one of the most dignified and stately females in England. Mr. Broome was supposed to be "not at home;" but it wouldn't do, for I saw him seated in another room, and wishing particularly to see the man who had offered his house and table at John C. Heenan's service, should he feel disposed to accept such generosity without money and without price; I mentioned it was on very particular business an audience was desired. That was enough. "Step this way, if you please, young man," and in two minutes Harry Broome, ex-champion of England, and your humble scribbler were in earnest confab about all manner of things, and continued to be for upwards of an hour. His parlor is really a natty, private, cosy retreat, with both furniture and carpeting of an elegant description. Except an oil painting and the Big Fight, there was little in the picture line; but he showed me two American prints of four trotters presented him by Horace Jones, of New York, that were hanging up in another room; also a photograph of himself done in splendid style. Harry is a long-headed, dark complexioned boxer, with very large features, and a regular "big 'un" to look at; as one half his face was under cover from a recent accident (?) (according to Joey Jones,) it was impossible to get a proper view of the once formidable champion of England. With many regrets that I couldn't prolong my stay, and an invitation to dine with him at any future day convenient to myself, I reluctantly took leave of Harry Broome and his lady, after having had my attention called to a lithographic group of "The Heroes of the Ring," containing portraits of Harry Broome, Sayers, Caunt, Mace, Langham, Brettle, Lynch, Gillam, Dan Thomas, and another, hanging in the tap room. In accordance with a former custom, I append Harry Broome's doings in the P. R. Born in Birmingham, 1826, fighting weight, 12st., beat Bulldog Mason, 39 rounds, 81min., Oct. 11, 1843; fought Joe Rowe, 81 rounds, 90min., Dec. 10, 1844, ring broken in and fight postponed; beat Joe Rowe, 27 rounds, 57min., May 13, 1845; fought Ben Terry, 49 rounds, 1h. 5min., Feb. 3, 1846, referee intimidated, no decision in the ring.—Broome at length receiving £5 to draw stakes; beat the Tipton Slasher, £200 a side, and the Championship, 15 rounds, 33m., Sept. 29, 1851; beat Harry Orme, £250 a side, 31 rounds, 2h. 18 min., April 18, 1853; forfeited £25 to the Tipton in August, 1853; forfeited £180 to Tom Paddock, Feb. 20, 1855, being arrested at the instance of one of his backers; forfeited £10 to the same, March 12, 1855; beaten by the same, £200 a side, 51 rounds, 63min., May 19, 1856. It will be seen that Harry Broome is of the same age as Tom Sayers, and comparatively speaking is still young, having always taken good care of himself. All his opponents were older than himself, except Orme, Rowe being born in 1819, Terry, in 1819, Perry in 1819, and Paddock in 1824. His hardest battle was with Harry Orme, the only man who beat Nat Langham, 117 rounds, 2h. 56min., and the vanquisher of Aaron Jones, now believed to be impressed in the Confederate army, or hoped to be so for his own sake, should he ever revisit the North. Though 3000 miles away, I don't forget these little things, you see. Thus ended the tenth day in London.

PONIES vs JOHN BULLS—HIGHCALITY PEOPLE—CURIOUS TAXATION—STREET PREACHING—A LITTLE OF ALL SORTS.

On Sunday, the 20th, I had calculated on a walk to Regent's Park, provided it turned out a propitious one, and thanks to the Weather Clerk, the day proved delightful. Having been accustomed to another hour or two's rest on the Sabbath, it was full nine o'clock before I realized it, and the sun reflecting strongly through the blinds on my features, had awakened me. For a while in a state of semi-unconsciousness, my thoughts were occupied in ruminating whether to go to the Central Park before dinner or visit John Wood's—the great florist and author—nursery and green house at 126th street, in the afternoon; but, alas! with the drowsiness gradually leaving, me and my eyes wandering about the room and catching sight of a "warming pan," all these hopes were "blasted" and knocked into a cocked hat, in America, warming pans are unknown, and now I knew where I was. Hastily dressing and refreshing myself with coffee and rolls at the nearest coffee shop, I leisurely strolled along Euston Road with eyes right akimbo to the different English notions as they came before me. The first peculiarities noticeable were the countless dog carts, traps, and four-wheeled carriages, with their loads of John Bulls, drawn by ponies not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog. This pony-mania is "all the rage," for to every full-grown horse there are fifty ponies, and it really excites one's sympathy to see these thin legged, graceful little animals, trotting along with two, and sometimes three Johns, of an average of 200 avoirdupois each. I often expected to see the noble brutes give way under such handicapping, and should such a thing have occurred, it would appear quite as reasonable to see John pick up the young mustang and carry it under his arm, as for the pony to carry John. The "traps," or two-wheeled wagons, also looked odd, with their frames of basketwork and a seat behind, like the Irish jaunting car, only more finished in make and appearance. In the way of grand turn-outs, I noticed no better displays of blood horses or elegant conveyances, than may be seen any fine afternoon on the Central Park, Fifth avenue, or Broadway. Perhaps it will be as well to mention here, that I saw only one regular "are you-looking-at-me" concern, with extravagantly gotten up Jehus and Tigers, all out in red velvet breeches, top boots, braided coats, cocked hats, and powdered wigs; this affair seemed an unusual sight even for the Cockneys; by-the-way, they stopped and gaped after it until out of sight. As there is a large tax on servants, carriage horses, dogs, etc., the uppercrust have to pay heavily for their grandeur, and are thus the means, to a great extent, of swelling up the revenue. The coat of arms is another expensive luxury for the titled aristocracy; but as none except those who make this "wrinkle" a study can understand the first thing as to whether the "arms" mean anything or nothing, to the people at large they partake of little significance. I understand no two crests in all England are alike in design, and that certain parties are able to read the owner's history as far as descent is concerned by simply taking a glimpse at his coat of arms; any person using the bauble without a license is subjected to a heavy fine for his pride, vanity, and weakness. All horses over fourteen hands are liable to "duty;" hence the number of ponies employed to get out of that difficulty. It will thus be seen there are ways of avoiding certain forms of taxation, provided the party is too poor or not over anxious to contribute. My impressions may be wrong, but nevertheless, with the difference in price between a horse and pony being so immaterial in proportion to the amount of extra work performed, the conclusions arrived at are quite natural.

In one part of the Euston Road, a number of marble yards are found occupying several streets in succession, full of statuary of every description, with a surplus of lions and unicorns, calling to mind a very popular nursery rhyme of those rambunctious animals, and here it is:—

"The Lion and the Unicorn were fighting for the Crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round about the town.
Some gave 'em white bread, and some gave 'em brown,
And some gave 'em a kick behind and sent 'em out of town."

Like the Jews in Chatham street, they were "all in a ruck," and no doubt live harmoniously together, setting at naught the adage, "two of a trade never agree."

In another section of the road, several Daguerrian artists had studios in the open air, or rather with a rough shed built especially for their use in the space fronting their dwelling houses. On one a bill was posted, setting forth that Mr. Cheatham wished to get rid of his establishment by the rather undefinable term "for sail"—whether as a floating palace or for picture-taking I am not aware, not having made inquiry—perhaps it was intended for a joke; it doesn't make much difference, however, but as an observation of mine, I concluded to introduce the "sailer photographer."

Between the Euston and Mary le bone Roads there are three or four entrances to Regent's Park, and I selected Park Square, where, by turning up Ulster Terrace, a short distance to the right, the stranger comes full on the main walk of this extensive park, which runs in a straight line the whole length, from Ulster Terrace, on one side, to Albert Road on the other. After a long and tiresome walk, I eventually reached the entrance to the Zoological Gardens, where visitors were pouring in thick and fast. Being Sunday, I was rather astonished at this, but having the silver handy, determined to run the risk, along with the other "Sabbath breakers," of going one eye on the animals, and proceeded with shilling in hand to the ticket agent; that individual thrust back the money as though it were bogus: I inquired if such was the case? The agent replied that the silver was good enough, but on Sunday none were admitted without a written order from some public functionary or other, whom I had never even heard of. There was nothing left but to turn "back again," as I had so often done before through ignorance of the customs of the country. On the way home, in different parts of the walk, a number of street preachers held forth to all who chose to listen—one group in particular, took my eye, two youths and two small boys, with sanctimonious face and upturned eyes, engaged in singing a familiar Methodist hymn, with uncovered heads. After the hymn, one of the youngest, about eight years of age, related his "experience," and the happiness he had enjoyed since getting religion. The whole performance looked hypocritical, to say the least, considering that boys of such a tender age rarely understand the realities of becoming Christians. At various points of my route these characters stood preaching on the highway, and reached up to within a few hundred yards of my abode. In the Hampstead Road, nearly opposite a gin-palace kept by a man named "Death," (which was painted on a sign in 8 inch letters, and very conspicuous), a little old fashioned orator had a large crowd gathered about him to listen to his harangue about prize fighters. The old fellow talked well and from some experience, his father and grand-father having been pugilists and trainers (so he said); he also wondered how Owen Swift could sleep at night with two or three murders on his head; he then had a dash at Alec Keene, whose history he related from personal knowledge. In this strain he first abused one and then another of them, and finally traced rum as everybody's ruin eventually, until church time was over, when one half of those who had been such attentive listeners, rushed pell-mell into the very jaws of Death's door for their "threepennuth." It was a hard sight for the religious imitator of Demosthenes, but I hope he didn't indulge when out of sight in his own locality, like a certain light-haired temperance lecturer who used to spout around South street and the docks in New York, and at the same time guzzled gin out of a water-bottle. I remember the deceiver well as a policy-backer and singer in one of the Dutch concert rooms in the Bowery; the last heard of him was at a temperance meeting in the big tent at Union Square, a little over a year ago, when he solicited voluntary contributions "for the cause," appointing himself treasurer and general distributor. Is he still among you?

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FIFTY-TWO.

THE GOUGENHEIM SISTERS.

ADELAIDE AND JOSEPHINE.

THESE beautiful young ladies are of Jewish origin. Made their *debut* at the Olympic, London, in 1850. Crossed the Atlantic and opened at the Broadway Theatre, New York, August 19th, 1850, in the play of "Perfection," Adelaide as Kate O'Brien, and Joey as "Susan." Visited Philadelphia and made their *debut* at the "Walnut." Miss Joey appeared on the 19th of August, 1851, as Sarah Bunt, in "Poor Pillicoddy," and Adelaide appeared the following night as Gertrude, in "Loan of a Lover." In 1855, they visited California, and made their *debut* at the "Metropolitan," San Francisco, and afterwards appeared at the "American" and "Union," Theatres. Took a tour through the States, and in 1856, took a trip to Australia, where they remained two years, and their success was only equalled by the Australian favorite, Mr. G. V. Brooke. During this tour they gave twenty-six charitable benefits; those given to the Fire Companies in California alone amounted to seven thousand dollars. Returned to California in 1858, where they remained until March, 1859, when they sailed for New York. Took a lease of Laura Keene's Theatre, New York, for a short summer season, and opened June 6th, with the Comedy of the "King's Rival," Miss Adelaide appearing as Frances Stuart, and Joey as Nell Gwynne. At the close of the season they went on a starring tour, visiting St. Louis, Chicago and Louisville. In the last named place, Adelaide played her farewell engagement, taking her leave of the stage. Soon after this, she was married to Mr. Frisby, a London gentleman.

Miss Joey continued on her starring tour through the South and West. In June, 1860, she sailed for England, and played a highly successful engagement with Mad. Celeste, at the Lyceum Theatre, London. Returned to the United States in December of the same year. On the 11th of March, 1861, she commenced a short engagement at the "Walnut," Philadelphia, making her first appearance as Hester Grazebrook, in "An Unequal Match." Her great success was owing to her beauty—being possessed of fine hair, a well shaped face and a large black eye, and a tall, straight figure. She has a horribly rough, loud voice, which she never modulates. She has, however, high spirits, vivacity, ease of manner, and great energy, besides an extraordinary youthfulness of appearance.

Miss Gougenheim (Joey) is exactly suited to play such line of characters as Mrs. Fitzwilliam or Mrs. Keeley made so popular, and in such parts she would be acknowledged above all other actresses.

In September, 1861, we find her playing at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, but the engagement seems to have been unfortunate; her agent, Mr. Eddy, subsequently assumed the management of this house, but the speculation proved a failure, and in January, 1862, both left the city hurriedly, and sailed for Australia.

JOHN EDWIN McDONOUGH.

BORN in Philadelphia; was originally a leather dresser. Made his first appearance on the stage in June 1844, at the Bowery Amphitheatre, New York, as Philip, in the "Three Brothers."

Made his *debut* in his native city, April 5th, 1848, at Arch Street Theatre, as Claude Melnotte, in "Lady of Lyons," and Wm. Tell, in the play of that name.

In 1852 he was engaged as a member of the Walnut Street Company, Philadelphia.

In January, 1857, he sailed for California, and opened at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on the 24 of February, as Othello. On the 23d of June, he opened the first theatre, at Mokelumne Hill, California.

On the 4th of August, he took a farewell benefit at the American Theatre. The house was jammed to suffocation, and the proceeds netted over $1,200. Arrived home in September, 1857, after a very successful dramatic career. During his sojourn there, he made many warm and devoted personal friends. His first appearance after his return was at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, September 14th, when he appeared as Damon.

In 1858, Mr. McDonough retired from the stage, and on the 19th of January, 1859, leased a building on Race Street, above Second, Philadelphia, and opened it as a Concert Saloon. Business was very good indeed, but John's ideas began to expand, and he in a very short time made very extensive alterations in his building, expending considerable money, and re-opened the building, as a first class dramatic temple, doing away entirely with the concert and Lager Beer business. It was styled the Olympic Theatre. Mr. McDonough worked very hard to establish it as a place for first class theatrical performances, but the location was against it, and the consequence was, it soon closed. In November 1861 it was re-opened by Mr. Robert Butler, of New York, as a Lager Beer Concert Saloon.

Mr. McDonough is a very fair actor, having some good qualities and some faults.

He would make an invaluable artist as leading man for a first class theatre. He is possessed of a good voice and commanding figure. We have witnessed his performance of Hamlet and Macbeth, and although there was much to find fault with, he deserves great praise for many fine points which he made and made tell to the audience.

MISS EMMA MITCHELL.

Made her first appearance in public, April, 1853, as a Dancuse at the St. Charles Theatre, in the Bowery, New York. Made her *debut* as an actress, May, 1858, as Justin, in "The Wandering Boys," for the benefit of her sister Maggie Mitchell, at the Providence, R. I., Theatre.

MARY ANN MITCHELL,

SISTER OF MAGGIE.

Made her first appearance on the stage, June 22, 1855, at the Albany Theatre, as Celia, in "As You Like It." Was married to J. Cosleir, but now divorced. During the season of 1860-1 was leading lady at Montgomery, Ala., Theatre.

MAGGIE MITCHELL.

Born in New York, in 1837. Made her first appearance on the stage, in her native city, in 1851, as Julia, in "The Soldier's Daughter," at Burton's Chamber Street Theatre. First appeared in Philadelphia, March 20th, 1854, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Constance, in "Love Chase," for the benefit of James Quinlan.

Miss Mitchell is one of those versatile actresses who imagine that variety constitutes genius. Laboring under this false impression, their impersonations of characters are destitute of that elegance of style, beauty of finish, and skill, which denote the well-educated artist. She is bright, pretty, versatile, possesses a beautiful form, dances well, and sings agreeably. With all these her manner is too coarse—of that style which is usually found in a Western actress. This lady is at present fulfilling "Star" engagements.

GEORGE BONIFACE.

Born in 1833. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, July 16, 1851, at the Arch Street Theatre, as John Ironbrace, in "Used Up." In 1852, was at Owen's Museum, Baltimore, Md.

As an actor, Mr. B's, voice is very much against him; there is a sepulchral gravity in it, and a certain mechanism in his action, that almost always leaves an impression extremely unfavorable. There is no surer way to spoil a promising actor than to besputter him with praise, and impress him with the belief that no further study is requisite to qualify him for the higher walks of the profession he has adopted. But unremitting cultivation will be unavailing if Nature has withheld certain advantages which ensure success. Mr. Boniface possesses many of these advantages, but he impairs the benefit they confer by acquired defects. The tragic scenes in which he figures are often marred by a singular twisting of his mouth, producing the impression on his auditors that he is attempting to suppress a laugh. Indeed, the whole expression of his face is, on such occasions, something indicative of pent up mirth, instead of solemnity and awe. Again, when unusual vigor of expression is required, he gives inharmonious emphasis to his declamation, not sanctioned by the laws of elocution. An occasional word is uttered with a sharpness resembling the sudden crack of a whip, or with a jerking modulation like the rapid transit of a finger across the octaves of a piano. These defects are remediable, and we trust will be "avoided altogether."

Mr. Boniface is at present in New York, a great favorite with the frequenters of the "Bowery drama."

Next week Eliza Logan, Miss Perry, Miss Price, Mrs. Stoneall, Ben Young, D. Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Wilks, Annie Wilks, and W. S. Fredericks.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS.....Proprietors.
JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer. | WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers.
A. ROSS, Officer.
SIXTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The company is composed of the following talented artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the distinguished baritone.

EPH HORN,	T. J. PEEL,	N. W. GOULD,
J. H. SIVORI.	W. L. HOBBS.	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. HILTON,	E. H. FLORENCE,	T. GETTINGS,
J. MORRISON,	J. GARATAGUA,	FRANK LESLIE,

NEIL BRYANT, DAN BRYANT.
Is a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. Tickets, 25 cts. 35tf

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
RACE STREET, below 3d street, PHILADELPHIA.
INTENSE EXCITEMENT. INTENSE EXCITEMENT.
POWERFUL CONCENTRATION OF TALENT.
Engagement of the great

HERNANDEZ,	HERNANDEZ,
HERNANDEZ,	HERNANDEZ,

the celebrated Pantomimist and most versatile performer of the day.
MISS KITTY BLANCHARD,
The youthful and accomplished Danseuse.
MLLE MARRIETTA RAVEL,
The Great Spanish Dancer.
GARRY DE MOTT, GARRY DE MOTT,
The Celebrated Comic Vocalist.
MISS NELLIE TAYLOR,
The Pleasing Ballad Singer.
PROF. G. W. SMITH, PAUL BERGER,
FULTON MEYERS;
DENNY GALLAGHER, ANDREW J. LEAVITT,
JOHN MULLIGAN,
MIKE McKENNA, W. WHELPLEY,
MISS KATE FRANCIS,
ELLEN COLENE, MARY WESNER,
LIZZIE LA GRANGE,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
Composed of sixteen young ladies of artistic grace and great natural abilities, who will appear in a great variety of Ballets, Marches, Tableaux, Groupings, &c., under the immediate supervision of PROF. GEO. W. SMITH, Maitre de Ballet.
The performance will conclude, every evening this week, with the Grand Local and Patriotic Pantomime of
THE SOUTHERN REFUGEE;
OR, FALSE AND TRUE.
With New and Beautiful Scenery,
Costly and Appropriate Costumes,
Marches, Tableaux, Groupings, Combats,
Sublime Scenic Effects, &c., &c.,
Including the Grand Pictorial Tableau of
THE BOMBARDMENT AND CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.
GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON, at 2½ o'clock
ROBERT W. BUTLER.....Sole Proprietor.
THOS. SIMPSON.....Musical Director.
Admission—Parquet, 20 cents; Gallery, 10 cents. 48

HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, STUYVESANT HALL, 659 BROADWAY
R. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFFIN,.....Proprietors.
A BAND OF PICKED STARS.
Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a rival in his peculiar line.
Read the names and be convinced.
CHARLEY FOX, W. ARLINGTON,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, DAVE REED,
ROLLIN HOWARD, J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE, GEO. GRAY,
T. McNALLY, AUG'T ASCHE,
J. SMITZE, and R. M. HOOLEY.
L. A. ZWISLER, Agent.
All the newest features of Negro Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the above incomparable troupe
Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cts [35-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.
The Scenery, Traps, Properties, Gas Fixtures, Heating Apparatus, and Ventilation, will vie successfully with any theatre in this country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.
The company consists of the following well known artists:—

LON MORRIS,	E BOWERS,	MAST. LEON,
BILLY MORRIS,	J. B. DONNIKER,	E KELLY,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. P. ENDRES,	AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	E. W. PRESCOTT,	A. LUDWIG,
J. J. HILLIARD,	F. WILMARTH,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,

without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated in any similar troupe.
48-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

VARIETIES MUSIC HALL,
Late St. Louis Opera House,
Now in full tide of successful business
THE LARGEST, HANDSOMEST, AND MOST COMPLETE
MUSIC HALL IN THE WORLD.
The Company at present consists of

TOM CONY,	W. M. REEVES,	CLARA BUTLER,
ED BERRY,	J. W. CORCORAN,	JULIA HAMILTON,
S. N. SLOCUM,	SAM WELZER,	MLLE JULIETTE,
J. B. MURPHY,	G. PETERS,	MLLE VELARDE,
H. S. PURDEY,	MISS CELIA MORLEY,	LIZZY WALBY,

And many minor members,
TOGETHER WITH A LARGE BALLET TROUPE
SIGNOR CONSTANTINE, Ballet Master.
Orchestra—Freberthyser's Cornet and String Band.
Parties of known excellence desiring engagements,
Address GEO. J. DEAGLE, Varieties Music Hall,
44 tf St. Louis, Missouri.

BOWERY THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
ST. LOUIS, MO
J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. JAMES RILEY, Stage Manager.
JOHN BENARD, Musical Director.
Admission, 10 and 25 cents.
The following Artists are now performing at this establishment:
WALTER WENTWORTH,
JOHNNY BOYCE, ANDY ROOME,
ALEX. ROSS, MISS LIZZY DAVIS,
JIM RILEY, MISS FANNIE GILMORE,
JOHN BENARD, MLLE LIZETTER,
JOHNNY CAMPBELL, ED. PERRINE, Gymnast,
L. DE. BURGER, JOHN DOUGHERTY,
WILLIAM OFBMER, JOHN SCHILLINGER.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability can always secure an engagement, by addressing, J. E. ESHER, Proprietor. 41 6.*

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE,
LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.
This truly elegant and very beautiful theatre is kept open during the whole of the year.
AMERICAN STARS,
of acknowledged position and talent negotiated with, for long or short engagements, as mutual interests may require.
WANTED,
A First-Class Stock Low Comedian
ALSO,
A Good Singing Chambermaid.
Address, ALEX. HENDERSON,
45tf Sole Lessee and Proprietor.

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS,
NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.
THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:

H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY,	LITTLE BOBBY,
W. T. EMERSON,	M. LEWIS,
J. BURNGESS,	W. BLAKENEY,
RUDOLPH HALL,	D. W. REEVES,
J. H. KELLOGG,	J. A. BASQUIN,
B. MALLARD,	J. W. ADAMS,
JAMES UNSWORTH,	MASTER EUGENE,

Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24-3m

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
San Francisco, California.
Messrs. W. H. LEIGHTON & CO....., Lessees and Managers
THIS SUPERB DRAMATIC TEMPLE having been leased for a term of years, the managers are prepared to make engagements with any or all FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, either STAR or STOCK, in the several walks of
TRAGEDY, COMEDY, OPERA and BALLET,
who may desire to visit California. 46 6m.

OBERIST'S VARIETIES!
OLD CENTRE STREET THEATRE.
J. F. OBERIST.....Proprietor.
J. A. HAYES.....Stage Manager
PROF. JUCH.....Musical Director.
THOS. J. QUINLAN.....Treasurer and Business Manager.
Members of the profession wishing engagements will please address,
P. O. Drawer, 366. 39-tf THOS. J. QUINLAN, Business Manager, Cleveland, Ohio

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—Sheridan Corbyn would respectfully inform members of the Dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address
SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pay the same. 46 6m

NIBLO'S GARDEN,
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....HENRY C JARRETT.
CROWDED HOUSES—BRILLIANT SUCCESS!
Fourth week of
MRS. JOHN WOOD,
MR. J. COLLINS,
and the great Spectacular Play of
THE COLLEEN BAWN.
THE ORIGINAL MUSIC BY THOMAS BAKER.
THIS EVENING,
and EVERY NIGHT until further notice,
THE COLLEEN BAWN;
MYLES NA COPPALEEN—with songs.....MR. J COLLINS.
EILY O'CONNOR—with songs..... MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Act 1—The Lake. Act 2—The Cave. Act 3—The Ball-room.
Previous to the Colleen Bawn, will be produced [second time] T. Power's laughable farce of
HOW TO PAY THE RENT.
Morgan Rattler—with the song of THE WIDOW MACREE,
&c.—nightly encored.....Mr. J. Collins
Admission.....50 cents
Family Circle.....25 cents
48-tf Secured Parquet Stalls.....75 cents.

444 AMERICAN MUSIC HALL. 444
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY 444
TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM!
CROWDED HOUSES! CROWDED HOUSES!
HUNDREDS UNABLE TO GAIN ADMISSION!
The entertainment nightly given at this establishment far eclipses, in splendor and magnitude, anything of the kind ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic. The immense company attached to the American Music Hall
STAND FIRST IN THEIR LINE
on the score of talent, originality, intellect and versatility, forming THE GREATEST COMBINATION OF ARTISTS IN THE WORLD.
Behold the list of talent:
TONY PASTOR, HARRY BALL,
CHARLEY WHITE,
L. SIMMONS, BOB HART,
CHARLEY GARDINER.
HARRY LESLIE, JOHNNY PIERCE,
MR. CHARLES SHAY,
MISS JOSEY DUPREE, MISS EMMA GARDINER,
MISS ERNESTINE DeFAIBER,
MISS MILLIE FLORA, MISS ANNIE LEE,
MISS LIZZIE SCHULTZE.
MISS IDA ROSS, MISS MATILDA SCHULTZE,
KATE HARRISON, FRANK MONELL, ANNIE HARRISON,
Together with a full and efficient
CORPS DE BALLET,
Under the direction of
MONS PAUL BRILLANT,
AND THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE CITY,
Under the immediate supervision of
FERD. VON OLKER.
Admission, Parquet 20 cts; Gallery 10 cts; Private Boxes $4.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Proprietor.
44-tf MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents.
The following is a list of the Company now engaged at this House:
MISS VIRGINIA HOWARD, MR. CHARLES POPE,
MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON, MR. CHARLES WHEATLEIGH,
MISS SOPHIA EDWIN, MR H. A. PERRY,
Mr. J. B. Booth, Mr. M. C. Hines,
Mr. Walter M. Leman, Mr. S. P. Macklin,
Mr. George B. Waldron, Mrs H. A. Perry,
Mr. Fred Franks, Mrs. M. C. Hines,
Mr. William Barry, Mrs. C. R. Saunders,
Mr. F. B. White, Miss Jennie Manderville,
Mr. Grosvener, Miss Alicia Manderville,
Mr. Chas. R. Thorne, jr, Miss E. Fredericks,
Mr. W. O'Neil, Mrs. Geo. B Waldron,
(Irish comedian,) Miss Fanny Howard,
Mr. Harry Clifton, Miss Mary Johnson,
Mr. G. H. Chase, Mrs. Mary C. Woodward.
Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire. 43tf

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successor to John E. Bacon.)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 47

TO MANAGERS OF THEATRES and LEADERS OF ORCHESTRAS.—BAND PARTS of all THOMAS BAKER'S popular Music, as performed at LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE with great success, may be had for large or small bands. The only charge being for the copying. The following are his latest compositions: "COMMODORE NUTT" polka; "THE LAURA KEENE WALTZ;" "CHRISTMAS CAROL SCHOTTISCH;" "COMET SCHOTTISCH;" "SEVEN SONS GALOP;" Quadrilles—TROVATORE, TRAVIATA, LUCREZIA BORGIA, ETOILE DU NORD, LURLINE, HIBERNIAN, (Irish,) JEANNIE DEANS, (Scotch.) AMERICAN BALLAD, MASSANIELLO, MEDLEY, &c. These are published for piano, and may be had at all Music Stores. Apply, stating number of instruments, to THOMAS BAKER,
48 1t* Laura Keene's Theatre, N. Y., or 52 St. Mark's Place.

OSSIAN E. DODGE,
ASSISTED BY THE EMINENT BALLADIST,
WILLIAM HAYWARD,
Is now entertaining his old New England friends with his
SOCIAL CONCERTS.
Down Easters, look out for
OSSIAN E. DODGE and WILLIAM HAYWARD. 48 1t*

MACFARLAND'S METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
DETROIT, MICHIGAN.
The undersigned having leased the Detroit Theatre for the ensuing season, commencing March 17th, would be happy to treat with any first class Stars to visit Detroit. This is the only Theatre in Detroit. It holds Three Hundred Dollars. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability can obtain permanent situations by applying immediately to the undersigned. A. MACFARLAND. 47-1t

WANTED—Immediately—For a highly respectable travelling company, A LEADING LADY; CHAMBERMAID; and WALKING LADY; also, a LOW COMEDIAN, young and of prepossessing appearance. Those who have had but short experience in the profession, preferred. An excellent chance is now offered. State terms. Address MANAGER,
48-1t* Box 2561, Cleveland, Ohio.

CORINTHIAN HALL,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
This Hall is 110 by 66 feet, capable of seating easily from 1200 to 1500 persons. Recent improvements render it superior to any Hall in the interior of the State for Concerts, Lectures, and Exhibitions of every description. $2,500 worth of scenery is attached to the stage. Apply to or direct to CHARLES R. WRIGHT, Agent,
47 8t Office No. 1, Hall Building.

NOTICE.—On account of serious damage done to one of the walls of the Theatre by the recent heavy snow storms, which requires immediate repairs, Capt SMITH is obliged to close his Theatre for a few days, until the necessary repairs are made. The owner of the building has made arrangements to put the building in order without delay, when due notice will be given of the re-opening.
47-1t- CAPT. J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

WANTED—A Business Manager for SEARL and LADY, now drawing crowded houses in the West. Business—Necromancy, Ventriloquism and Second Sight. Must have $160 to deposit as security for faithful discharge of duties. Address J. M. SEARL, care box 955, Chicago, Illinois. 47 3t*

BANJO AND JIG DANCING TAUGHT, BY J. BOGAN, No. 118 EAST HOUSTON STREET. BOGAN'S CELEBRATED BANJOS for sale or made to order and sent to any part of the U. S., from $5 upwards. Try one. Call at the little music store. N. B.—On receipt of $1 I will send three written Lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. Address as above. No humbug. 48 1t*

THEATRICAL CONCERT ROOM AND LITERARY AGENCY, 482 Broadway, Room 7. N. B. Managers and Performers are respectfully requested to enclose a red stamp, or no notice will be taken of their letters. JAS. CONNER & CO, Agents. 44-tf

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Tuesday evening, at No 76 Varrick street. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue.
30 3m* H. ROLPH, President.

PORTLAND AND BANGOR THEATRES.
Stars desirous of making engagements for the above named theatres, can apply to F. L. KENT,
47 5t* Box 684 Post office, Portland.

PLAY BOOKS!!!—A list of all the Plays published, English and American, sent to any address on receipt of stamp.
47-tf EDGAR, MORPHY & CO., 81 Nassau st N. Y.

ADDRESS—J. W. JENNINGS—(Heavy) Pittsburgh, Pa. 43 8t*

GREAT CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
GLORIOUS SUCCESS. THE GREAT CANTERBURY.
Free from the trammels of mismanagement, still soars upward; it is now at THE ZENITH OF ITS GLORY,
And presenting to the public not only the greatest of Concert Hall performers, but the very highest order of TALENT AND GENIUS the world can produce. Those who have won undying fame in the principal Theatres and Opera Houses of both Hemispheres.
THE NEW SENSATION IN THE AMUSEMENT WORLD,
THE BEAUTIFUL ZANFRETTA, THE BEAUTIFUL ZANFRETTA,
The First Female Tight Rope Performer in the World, whose daring feats on the Tight Rope, as performed by her at Niblo's Garden, some two years since, created a furore such as is seldom equalled by any artiste. The management of
THE GREAT CANTERBURY
Desirous of presenting to its million of patrons the very greatest artiste the world can produce, have succeeded in effecting an engagement with her for admitted number of nights, and
ON MONDAY EVENING MARCH 10,
She will make her first appearance in New York since the season of her Triumphant Success at Niblo's Garden.
Notwithstanding the immense expense attendant upon the engagement of this Great and World-Renowned Artiste, the prices of admission will remain as usual. The pleasure and pride of presenting the first female performer on the face of the globe, to the patrons of The Great Canterbury, being the management's highest reward.
In addition to MLLE MARIETTE ZANFRETTA, the entire Canterbury Company will appear. THE CANTERBURY MINSTRELS,
BILLY BIRCH, BEN COTTON, J. A. HERMAN,
THE CLIFFORD SISTERS, MLLE. ADELAIDE PRICE
MISS CATHARINE O'NEIL, the great Comic Irish Vocalist, from Canterbury Hall, London, is engaged, and will appear on Monday, March 17. ROBERT FOX, Agent.
CHRIS. NORRIS, Treasurer.
N. B. First class Talent treated with on liberal terms. 48-tf

OLD BOWERY THEATRE
S. P. STICKNEY.....,Lessee and Manager.
STICKNEY'S NATIONAL CIRCUS.
NEW RIDERS, NEW VAULTERS, NEW HORSES,
Comprising the best Equestrians ever seen,
Excellent Clowns and Racy Ring Masters.
SAMUEL P. STICKNEY, ESQ.,
Will, by special request, repeat
THE GREAT SIX HORSE ACT,
THE COURIER OF ST. PETERSBURGH. 48 1t

BURTIS' VARIETIES, PHILADELPHIA,
Late "ALHAMBRA,"
CHESTNUT, ABOVE SIXTH STREET.
ISAAC BURTIS.....Proprietor and Manager.
L. B PACKARD.....Treasurer.
NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!
We still adhere to the old motto—FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY. New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 48-tf

GAYETY MUSIC HALL. (Late Gayety Theatre.)
GREEN STREET, BETWEEN BEAVER AND HUDSON STREETS, ALBANY, N. Y.
THE ONLY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
This model Music Hall, conducted on the style of the Great Canterbury and Melodeon, New York, is now open for the season. Its success is unprecedented, for the reason that we challenge competition, and nightly produce Spectacles, Tableaux, Pantomimes, Negro Minstrelsy, Farces, Singing, Dancing, Burlesques, &c., &c. &c.
FITZPATRICK, HOWARD & LANGRISH, Proprietors.
Stage Manager... Charley Lewis | Leader of Orchestra..L. Underner
Treasurer.....James Hall | Machinist..... Geo. W. Williams
First class artists wishing engagements will address
48-1t* HARRY HOWARD, Box 946.

THE ONLY BILL POSTING ESTABLISHMENT IN BALTIMORE CITY. J. W. HARPER & CO., BILL POSTERS,
No. 12 North street, near Fayette, (Basement,)
Baltimore, Md.
Managers of Circuses, Panoramas, Lectures, Concerts, &c., wishing to visit this city to give one or more performances, can have their Bills Posted and Programmes Circulated. We have TWO HUNDRED BILL BOARDS at the disposal of those wishing our services. In fact everything done before their arrival that they want done, at a moderate price, by addressing us. Bills sent to our address by express, will be promptly attended to. 48-

TO SHOWMEN.—FOR SALE
40 LIFE SIZE WAX FIGURES,
Correct Likenesses of the most prominent Men and Women, as well as Notorious Individuals. Also,
FOUR PANORAMAS,
Subjects—Kane's Arctic Voyage; Cuba; Whaling Voyage; Five Pictures of Scotland, painted by Bartholomew.
The above will be sold very low, for cash, or exchanged for personal property. Address, or apply to
48 6t GEO. K. GOODWIN, 1 Warren Square, Boston.

PLATTE VALLEY THEATRE,
DENVER CITY, COL TER.
H. B MURPHY.....Manager.
Prices of Admission—Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
Parquet, 75 cts; Gallery, 50 cts.
The above Theatre will open 1st of April, for a six months season
Wanted—A Leading Heavy, Leading Juvenile; also a Leading Lady, First Chambermaid, and an attractive Danseuse.
Stars treated with on the best of terms during the season.
N. B. Passage will be paid from any point on the Missouri river.
Address H. B. MURPHY, Manager.
48 3t Denver City, Col. Ter.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Lucille Western, Susan Denin, Fanny Davenport, Emma Taylor, L. R Jewell, L. J. Vincent, Mary Miller, Lilly Fielding, Miss Bennett, Chas Hale, Mr. Lennox, Lewis Baker, Barton Hill, Jenny Lind, G. H. Andrews, Don Juan Ximines, Abby Hutchinson, J. H. Hackett, J. S. Clarke as Toodles and Tilly Slowboy, Neil Bryant, Dan Bryant, C. Walcot, Jr., Mrs. Walcot, Rachel, Ristori, Rosa Wood, Anne Wikes, Chas. Mathews, T. D. Rice, (Jim Crow,) Fanny Morant, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Gladstane, Mad. Bosio, Anna Bishop, Edwin Booth, J. W. Booth, J. B. Booth, Julia Daly, Mark Smith Galetti, Marietta, Adah Isaacs Menken, D. Setchel, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Mrs. Wheatley, W. Wheatley, Stigelli, Harry Pearson, D. Lave and Wife, Matilda Heron as Camille, John Collins, Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Vining, Caroline Richings, Peter Richings, Laura Keene, J. T. Raymond, Mrs Chanfrau, Lotty Hough, Susini, Hinckley, J. W. Wallack, jr., George Vandenhoff, Mary Shaw, Mrs. Vernon, Sara Stevens, Julia B. Barrow, Fanny Brown, A. H. Davenport, F. S. Chanfrau, Gougenheim Sisters, J. S. Clarke, Miss Henriques, Agnes Robertson, M. s. Geo. Skerrett, Lester Wallack, Miss Kellogg, Kate Hayes, E. A. Sothern, John Brougham, Viola Crocker, Eph Horn, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. J. R Scott, P. T. Barnum, Commodore Nutt, Joe Jefferson, Piccolomini, S. C Campbell, George Holland, Mary Gannon, Charlotte Cushman, Chas. Fisher, W. B. Norton, W. B. Floyd, Mrs Hoey, Mad. Laborde, Mad. Lagrange, J. H Ogden, Mad Didiee, and hundreds of others. Price 25 cents each, or beautifully colored, 50 cents each, and sent post paid. Catalogues sent to any address on receipt of a stamp, by
48-1.* O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau st., New York.

WANTED—By a Gentleman (a fair reader) an engagement with a concert troupe. Has a "pure Tenor Voice," and two years experience on the stage. Address A B C.,
48 1t* 172 Reade street, N. Y.

READERS THEATRICAL RECORD, Send Ten (10) Cts. for "KATE VAUGH," by Charles Henry Day, to CHARLES HENRY DAY, the Author Publisher, New Haven, Conn. 48-1t*

W. W PRATT—"Ten Nights in a Bar Room"—Where will a letter reach you? 48

MR. J. C. RIVERS, the Union Comp. late of Wambold & Whitby's double show, is open for engagements, and will be happy to treat with managers. Address J. C. RIVERS.
48 1t* Spring st. P. O., or Novelty Hall, 616 Broadway, N. Y.

☞ We have letters for Wm. Drew, Sidney Smith, J. Frank Noyes, Jas. W. Charles, [late of California,] Harry Gossin, Harry A Langdon.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, March 10, 1862.

[CARTES DE VISITE.—Actors, actresses, minstrels, circus performers, and show people generally, who may feel so disposed, are respectfully requested to send us their "Cartes de Visite," with their autographs affixed, that they may be added to a Photographic Album collection we are about forming. For such favors, payment will always be made when required. The "Cartes" we can easily procure at various photographic establishments, but the autographs we cannot; and as the latter will be prized as highly as the former, we have taken this method of soliciting "Cartes de Visite," and autographs together; the latter to be written on the bottom or top margin of the picture.—ED CLIPPER.]

There is nothing of import to chronicle of the past week, further than to say that "all is *unusually* quiet on the Potomac," while Brother Greeley and a few kindred spirits continue to pitch into Gen. McClellan for his steadfast refusal to make another Bull Run exhibition. The great trouble with McClellan is, he was not born in New York. To be truly great, a man must be born in, or hail from the metropolis. But what are we talking about? Discussing military affairs, when "the play's the thing." So we leave the pacific banks of the Potomac, and "ring up the curtain" on the great stage of the Empire City. And what do we behold? A TAX LEVY. Yes, fellow sufferers by this civil commotion, we are all in for it, and a fellow feeling makes us wondrously sympathetic; but when duty calls, 'tis ours to obey. The city tax paid by theatres and places where stage performances are given, is $500 each per annum. And now comes the national tax, which the bill just submitted to Congress fixes at $100 per annum, each, for every place or edifice in the United States where dramatic or operatic representations, plays, or performances are exhibited. This will reach all music halls, we presume, be they *free* or otherwise. Circuses are taxed $50 per annum, and every building, tent, space, or area where feats of horsemanship or acrobatic sports are exhibited, is regarded as a circus under the act, throughout the entire length and breadth of Uncle Sam's present and prospective dominions. The tax cannot be considered unreasonable under the circumstances, and managers will no doubt willingly contribute their quota to the support of the government. Should Horace Greeley or Ward Beecher get up tent meetings, we presume they will be mulcted in $50, each, as circuses. Thus we go—those who dance, must also take a hand in paying the man "wot makes the music." We don't think the tax on theatres will have the effect to raise the prices of admission to those places. It is not much, and low rates of entrance fees have now too tight a hold to be changed. Having taxed our readers' patience long enough regarding the national license, let us see what has been doing on the boards the past week, and "what's up" for the present, which, as we write, is dull and gloomy.

Owing to there being "no theatrical performance connected with the production of Uncle Tom" at the New York Athenæum, the "cussed thing" failed to pay, and after a short but severe illness, which the managers bore with much fortitude, poor old Tom came to a timely death on the 6th inst. The house opened on Saturday, the 1st, and closed on Thursday, 6th. The partnership of Baker & Ryer is "dissolved by mutual consent," and all debts due the concern can be paid to either of those gentlemen. Ryer throws up his hand, while Baker goes it blind. The house is to be cleaned, renovated, perfumed, and fixed up in apple pie order, and it is said will re-open on or about the 17th inst. "Spectacle" will probably be tried on, to see how it fits. It has been decided to change the name of the theatre, but *what* to call it is hard to be determined upon. When first opened by Mr. Brougham, it was called the "Lyceum," but no one liked the name, and when Wallack took the house, he squelched the "Lyceum," and called it Wallack's, under which name it grew and flourished like Barnum's fat woman. New York Athenæum is *not*—it puts a feller more in mind of a place of study than of a theatre. How would the New Broadway, answer, "*I dunno* a?" or, the "Empire City Theatre," may be? At all events, by *any* other name it would smell as sweet as it did while known as the Athenæum. It's a cozy little place, when in "good apparel," and with a good company will always command a fair share of patronage.

"Here we are, Mister Marster, what shall we do for you?" Everybody knows that we are going to talk circus now, don't they? And why not? The circus is an institution which has its admirers in every quarter of the habitable globe, and in many places it finds more favor in the eyes of the people than does the theatre. *This* city, however, is not one of those places. Occasionally, a good circus show may meet with success here for a month or two, but it can never "take root," solely as a circus. On the east side of the town, at the O'd Bowery Theatre, Mr. Samuel P. Stickney has held the reins for several months, giving us a little of everything, from lofty tumbling down to Uncle Tom on horseback. Think of *that*, ye Greeleys, and sons of Greeleys, and Beechers, and sons of Beechers, and sons and daughters of the Pilgrims! Uncle Tom on horseback! Ah! But, though Mr. Stickney has run the season through, under the most discouraging circumstances, we do not believe the veteran will become round-shouldered in carrying home the surplus revenue. Nevertheless, he has given employment to many who might otherwise have been left out in the cold, and we presume he has paid his way, if nothing more. A complimentary benefit was tendered Mr. Stickney on Saturday evening, March 8th, on which occasion a number of volunteers appeared, in addition to the regular company. The house was good, but not great; it was a paying house, and we are glad to learn that many tickets were sold outside that were not used by the purchasers. The entertainment offered by Mr. Stickney for the amusement of his patrons was of an attractive and varied character. There was some very clever leaping by the company, some lofty leaps over men and horses by J. Madigan and Wernal, being beautifully executed. The latter performer we do not remember to have seen before, and we are pleased to notice that his performances were loudly applauded. Jimmy Madigan is no stranger here, and he also came in for a full share of approbation. The concluding feat of the leaping business was the extraordinary double somersault, by young Madigan. This is one of the most difficult feats known to the profession, and many who have never seen it done, insist that it cannot be fairly accomplished. Mr Madigan, however, places the matter altogether beyond dispute. On Saturday evening, he performed it in the most artistic and beautiful manner, leaping into the air, after a short run, and turning twice before alighting on his feet; the evolutions were not too rapid, but so well timed that every movement could be distinctly seen by the audience. It is a most wonderful achievement. Mr. C Foster read an address, which had been written for this occasion by W. O. Eaton. It alluded to times past and present in the show business, and referred to Mr. Stickney in happy terms. One of the chief merits of the address was, its brevity, being just long enough to interest, "and there an end." The event of the evening was the re-appearance of Mr. Stickney, in the New York arena, being the first time in thirty-two years. He was announced to appear as the 'Courier of St. Petersburg," and ride, drive, and manage six horses. "Old Sam" received a most hearty welcome, for which he bowed his acknowledgements. But "youth must be served," and "age will tell," and it was plain to be seen that the Stickney of the present day has lost the agility and stamina which he possessed "in the days of auld Lang Syne," and which contributed to make his name familiar throughout the land. He did his best to please, however—showing that he does not lack the will, but the ability; for when age creeps on apace, a man's physical system becomes enervated, and what was so *easy* of accomplishment in our younger years, cannot now be achieved even by the most extraordinary efforts. But the mantle of the sire is falling upon the younger branches of the family, of whom several are now before the public. Eaton Stone appeared as a juggler, or, "classically speaking, a "manipulator." He spun around dishes upon the ends of sticks, one, two, and three at a time, and never cracked a plate. We never saw Eaton in that light before. Among the clowns present were Sam Lathrop, Sam Long, and Sam Stickney, three Sams, and three hims. Deverni gave his great contortion performance, in which business he excels. Master Charles and Miss Ada Sherwood, who have just returned from Havana, danced a double Irish jig very cleverly, indeed. Miss Ada is a pleasant-looking little lady, and promises to make an excellent performer in the profession she has chosen. Two other little ones, Master Bob and Miss Emma Stickney, closed the entertainment, in a riding act, called "The Rural Lovers; or, Match Making in Harvest," this being Bob's first appearance since he broke an arm. The act was very pretty, and very neatly performed. This week a variety of novelties will be offered, and new pieces introduced.

"They killed him agin." Alas! poor Uncle Tom. "We knew him well" when Purdy run the machine in Chatham street, and roped in the pious and moral reformers of the City of Churches, for nearly a twelvemonth and a day. But now, when John Brown's avengers are supposed to be "marching on," "poor Tom's a cold," and the dark creation of Mrs. Stowe has been stowed away, perhaps to come to light no more. He died at the Athenæum, and he died again at the Winter Garden, on the 8th inst. J. S. Clarke appeared during the week, but even with this additional inducement, the people failed to respond in large numbers, and the "great moral drama" may be said to have died of a too muchness. In order to purify the Garden, it will remain closed on the 10th and 11th, and re open on the 12th, introducing to our notice the "Belle of the Season," in the person of Miss Matilda Heron. This will prove to be quite a seasonable production.

Do *you* know Miss Hattie Engel? May be not. Well, Hattie is a danseuse, and is now engaged at Crystal Palace Concert Hall, in the Bowery. Miss Hattie is fair to look upon, and we trust she may have a fair audience to look upon at her benefit on the 17th. See?

Here's a conundrum. If the National Tax is $100 for a theatre, what will it be for the "Histrionic Congress?" as the Davenport-Wallack combination is now called. Do you give it up? Because, as Billy Birch says, "Never despise a man with a ragged coat."

Little "Lillie Vestris"—what a pretty name—was one of the features of Hooley's Minstrels' entertainments the latter part of last week. She appeared as Eva, in a brief version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She made her *debut* on the 6th, on the occasion of Rollin Howard's benefit, she being a pupil of Howard's. We were not present on that occasion, but attended on the 7th, and were well pleased with the little *debutante*. She has a good clear voice, and spoke the text of the part with much feeling, and without the least apparent embarrassment. If we do not mistake the signs, little Miss Vestris will make a sensation on the larger boards some day. Rollin Howard appeared as Topsy, and made a great hit in the character. The scene between Topsy and Eva was excellently well done by both master and pupil; and as Uncle Tom, Mr. Griffin made up a very clever trio. But the stage is too small to allow of the drama being given with effect, and between you and ourselves, gentle reader, we cannot say that we admire Uncle Tom as a closing piece for a minstrel performance. We much prefer the old plantation wind-up, to a death bed scene. However, the piece was well received by quite a large audience, and is announced for the present week. T. Hayes, clog dancer, formerly a feature with this band, resumes his performances this week. The attendance at Mr. Howard's benefit was the largest of the season.

The Colleen Bawn is in its fourth week at Niblo's Garden, and continues to improve. It is now performed very effectively; Mrs. Wood, as she becomes more experienced in the character assumed by her, appears to good advantage, and her songs receive much applause. Mr. Collins has performed the part of Myles so often that he seems to be completely identified with it, and in some instances is superior to the author, Mr. Bourcicault, in the same character. The opening of the upper circle, at 25 cents as the price of admission, was a good move, and works well, that part of the house being now well attended, while before it was comparatively empty. Mrs. Wood's benefit is announced for the 12th, when in addition to the Colleen Bawn, Buckstone's farce of "Mischief Making" will be performed, with Mrs. W. in a comic *role*, which will give her patrons an idea of her versatility of talent. In the farce, she will sing the Union song "How Are You, Billy Patterson," which is a remarkably striking effusion. Go early.

If Mrs. Bowers has paid much for the right to play the "Peep 'o-Day Boys" in America, she had better hurry home, and go to work at once; otherwise the version now being performed at Laura Keene's, and which is being prepared at other theatres, will have skimmed off all the cream. We don't imagine that this "Peep o'-Day" business will add much to Miss Keene's hitherto fair reputation. Even admitting, for argument's sake, that her version is entirely different from Falconer's, the

announcement that "in order not to erase the deep impression this sublime entertainment leaves upon the memory, no theatrical performance would be connected with it." A good imitation of Barnum might pass, but a clumsy imitation soon uses itself up.

Zanfretta, the great female rope walker, commences an engagement at the beautiful Canterbury Music Hall this evening. Mlle Marietta Zanfretta is deservedly acknowledged as one of the most graceful and daring rope dancers in the world. In this city, she appeared at Niblo's Garden a couple of years ago, and met with the most flattering reception. She has performed in various portions of the world, and has always created a very favorable impression. An opportunity is now offered to those who have never seen her. The Canterbury is well conducted, and strict order is preserved. A complete band of minstrels are performing there, among the number being Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, J. A. Herman, R. M. Carroll, Byron Christy, W. Ross, Harry Wilson and George Germaine, the latter quite a lad, whose voice in alto parts in the choruses is more effective than in solos. The Delevante Brothers are very good on the double trapeze but bad as "the Comics." Remember, Zanfretta is on this week, and she knows the ropes.

Pegged out again. For the third time in this city last week, Uncle Tom passed away on the 8th, at the New Bowery, unhonored, and unsung. In the beautiful language of the gentleman who makes verses for the obituary departments in our daily papers, we might say:—

We had an Uncle Tommy once,
He was our joy and pride:
We loved him, then, perhaps *too* well,
But now he's gone, and died.
Affliction sore, long time we bore,
Entreaties were in vain;
But Tom's now gone, forever more,
Never to come again.
Poor Uncle Tom has left this spot,
To bloom in a superior flower pot

Melo drama is up at the New Bowery this week, with the stock company in the casts Miss Fanny Herring's benefit on the 7th attracted an immense house.

"We'll gather them in." Such seems to be the motto at Wallack's new theatre, where standard comedies continue to fill the house whenever the weather is fair. Who would have thought, at the beginning of the season, that old plays would run off the new ones, and fill the treasury on the legitimate alone? Who can "tell a hawk from a hernshaw" now-a-days. For the present week, the programme is, the Belle's Stratagem, the Wonder, School for Scandal, Bold Stroke for a Husband, Honey Moon, and London Assurance.

Mons. Hamburger, a wizard, opened at Clinton Hall, on the 7th. He is said to have done much better than the "late lamented" Adrian.

A new spectacle, called Sodak and Kalisrade, has been produced at the Museum.

Among the additions to the company of the Melodeon this week, are Fanny Forrest, Fattie Stewart, and J. Wambold. Stephen Branch has served his time out, and closed his delineations of Blackwell's Island men and manners.

Dan Emmett's back again at Bryants! Dan's the author of Dixie, and a lot of other plantation songs, which have attained a great popularity. Little Tommy Peel is still with the troupe, and is quite a favorite with the *habitues* of 472 Business here is still the same, crowded houses, and more a' coming.

Now, there's Lizzie Schultze, one of the prettiest girls upon the stage; and yet she seems as unassuming as our cousin Deb. You've seen Lizzie, no doubt, for almost everybody has been to American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, and that's where she trips it on the light fantastic toe; if you have not, you've missed a lovely sight. Oh! But Lizzie isn't the only beauty at the little mint; there's a bevy of beauties to be found there. May be you don't like the girls; may be you've been jilted; well, then you can be amused with the comicalities of Tony Pastor, Charley White, Harry Ball, L. Simmons, R. Hart, and others. There's plenty there to amuse and interest you. It is decidedly a cheap and popular place of amusement.

The Hanlon Brothers arrived here on the 5th inst., from Havana. We understand that they will appear at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B Conway, who have been in England for some time past, returned to New York last week.

Among the passengers by the Columbia, which arrived at New York last week from Havana, was Mr. Robert Wheaton, of Providence, R. I., sound in wind and limb, and improved generally.

A statement having appeared in several New-York papers—the CLIPPER among the number—to the effect that Bourcicault had the secession flag flying at his theatre in London; and Mr. Bourcicault having denied the same, a correspondent sends us the following extract from a letter he had just received, dated London Bridge Hotel, England, Feb. 15, 1862: "At the Adelphi, Bouricault's Theatre, they are playing the 'Octoroon,'" and from the flag-staff on the roof, the cursed secession flag, with the stars and bars, is now and has for some time been flying."

Lotty Hough, late of Laura Keene's, and the New-York Athenæum, has gone to Boston, to play Tartarige, in the "Seven Sisters," at the Howard. Sing "Josiah's Courtship" for the Bostoners, Lotty; that'll fetch 'em.

Mr. J. C. Rivers, the Union clown, late of Wambold & Whitby's Double Show, is in this city, disengaged. See his advertisement in this department.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

The city of Philadelphia is noted for the patriotism of its citizens, for their deep devotion to the cause of the Union, and for their intense hatred of everything that savors of treason and rebellion. A secession showman, or rebel actor, may succeed in running the gauntlet of a New York audience, but in Philadelphia, when the evidences of a man's secession proclivities are brought to public notice, the case is far different. They will not tolerate any man, be he showman, actor, or any other character—who depends upon public patronage for support—that is in the least tainted with treason; and our surprise was great when we learned, last week, that Dan Rice had been permitted to appear in public in that city. We recur to this unpleasant subject, because Dan Rice, on the 31 inst., denied that he had aided the cause of secession while in the South, and professed to be *now* a Union man. He denied the statement made in this, and other loyal papers, concerning his secession proclivities, and partially deceived those who listened to him. There is no mistake that Rice has been playing the double, and as he has seen proper to open the subject anew, and endeavor to create a wrong impression, we beg to say a few words in our own defence in regard to the secession showman. In the South this man was a secessionist, and so continued until he reached those places where the good old "Stars and Stripes" still floated in the breeze; and then he became a Union man (?). This is the showman now insulting, by his presence, the patriotic inhabitants of a staunch and loyal city. A man who was with Rice in New Orleans, wrote to us upon the subject of the showman's secession principles, and we published the letter at the time. An extract from it will be sufficient to convince our Union-loving friends that Rice had a face for the South and another for the North. Says the writer—"While Rice's Show was in New Orleans, Dan was organizing a company called Dan Rice's Zouaves, and when he, the employee, refused to sign the roll on the ground *that he was a Northern man*, he was told that the sooner he went North the better it would be for him." Another person, while in New Orleans, says that one night, while the company were giving a performance, a list of the different members of the Varieties Theatre Secession Company was handed in for the showmen to sign; but, unfortunately for them, but one man signed. The next day, *Mr. Rice thought they had better get up a company on their own hook.* A meeting was held, and speeches made by Dan Rice and another, stating the object of the meeting, with an occasional Southern sentiment. Resolutions were drawn up and passed, and it was agreed to form a company to be known as Dan Rice's Zouaves; *that they should tender their services to the State of Louisiana, to be in readiness any moment to fight for the Southern Confederacy;* it went on to say how the slave States had been abused, etc. All signed, we are sorry to learn, but Charley Noyes and Fred. A. Jones, who were frequently talked with on the subject, but who couldn't see it. It is further said that Mr. Rice had copies of the proceedings published and distributed along the route. Rice's secessionism became known in the North, and when he arrived here, to avert the storm that threatened to overwhelm him, he made Union speeches, as he had made rebel speeches in the South. One of these hypocritical Union harangues was published in Cincinnati, and reached New Orleans; in commenting upon which the N. O. *Crescent* said:—"Dan talked quite different here last winter; but never mind." Rice was looked upon as a strong secession man while he was in New Orleans, and his change of tactics to suit circumstances called forth the following paragraph, which we copy from the New Orleans *Delta* of May 26th, 1861:—"A CHAMELEON CLOWN.—Dan Rice, who was famous here last winter for two things, his much talk in the ring about his *intense Southernism*, and HATRED OF THE NORTHERNERS, and his sardonic fun on his debts, is cutting up all sorts of black republican capers in the West. There is a list in this city, of minute men—signed by Dan Rice and his company—*to defend the South to the death.* In fact, so exceedingly patriotic was he that a meeting was held on his boat, at which *he made a flaming Secession speech to his men.* It will be a long time ere this renowned harlequin will make his appearance in this city."

The italics, etc, are ours. Here we have evidence from New Orleans papers, and also from some of Rice's own men, who could not be swerved from the path of rectitude and honor to join Rice's secession company, organized to defend the South to the death. What more evidence is needed? Will the citizens of Philadelphia countenance such a man any longer? Will they continue to encourage this showman, who publicly boasted of his *hatred of the Northerners?* and organized a volunteer company to resist the administration of the laws of the United States Government? We much mistake the character of the people of Philadelphia if they suffer this two-faced clown to insult them by his presence again. They have now had placed before them a few facts touching his secession principles; they should be sufficient to warrant his dismissal at once. Those who are performing with this "humorist" owe it to themselves to show a clean bill of health. Birds of a feather, they say, flock together. Mr. Melville, the Australian rider, has received nothing but kindness at the hands of the Northerners; so, too, Zoyara, and others in Rice's show. The r continuance in the concern will not benefit them. If they are good Union people, as we trust they are, they will see the necessity of cutting aloof from a man who openly avows his hatred of Northerners. Rice, we understand, goes to Baltimore and Washington after his Philadelphia business is closed. We shall take note of those who accompany and perform with him.

Wood's Minstrels (Sylvester Bleecker's) were at Buffalo on the 5th, 6th, and 7th, sliding out to Rochester on the 8th March. They seem well pleased with their experience in Canada, where Billy Allen rather "knocked" the folks with his shirt collar, as the "Essence of Old Virginny," or in his "Empire Jig." Ned Davis and Mrs. Ned, with J. H. Carleton and W. Scott, seem determined to wake up the Western woods.

We have still later news from California, and below we give the letter of our San Francisco correspondent:—SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 11, 1862.—FRIEND FRANK.—Again I send you a budget of theatrical and musical news.

The Metropolitan Theatre is still prospering, and is likely to continue if the managers only keep in the course they have taken. Since my last they have produced "Belphegor," "Louis the Eleventh," "Quasimodo," "Don Cæsar de Bazan," and other pieces, in all of which Mr. Charles Dillon has appeared with great success. Now that this talented actor has had an opportunity of appearing, supported by an excellent company, he has proved a very profitable as well as popular star. To-night he will appear as Julian St. Pierre, it being the occasion of the benefit of Mrs. Charles Pope, who will personate the heroine, and also appear as Jack Sheppard in the afterpiece. At this theatre, your friend Prof. G. F. Orrin, and his three talented sons, have been astonishing our good people by their wonderful gymnastic performances; the terrific feat in the double trapeze, by the brothers George and Edward, is truly marvellous. The managers of this theatre have announced that they will shortly produce Shakespeare's great play of "Hamlet," with new and elaborate scenery and costumes, and the novelty of several restorations in the text. Mr. Charles Dillon is superintending its production.

Maguire's Opera House.—Since my last there have been a series of benefits. This week McKean Buchanan (who has just returned from the mountains, where he took lodgings in a tree for twenty-three hours) is performing Sir Harcourt Courtley, Macbeth, and Jack Cade.

Gilbert's Melodeon, The Bella Union, and National, are all prospering.

Miss Lizzie Parker.—This lady, said to be an excellent vocalist, arrived on the last steamer. It is her intention to give a couple of concerts, and then probably appear at the Metropolitan Theatre in a series of operas, supported by our resident artistes. This is a brilliant idea, and if she proves capable, will be the reigning favorite here for some time, for our people are a music loving community.

Mrs. W. H. Leighton is at present resting from her late severe labor, and will in all probability make her re-appearance in a couple of weeks on the stage of the Metropolitan, of which her husband is one of the lessees.

Died, Feb 9th, at 7 A. M., John Fairchild, scenic artist, for many years connected with the principal theatres in California; he was buried from the church of the Rev. T. Starr King, yesterday afternoon.

John Wilson, the Napoleon in circus matters here, is busying himself concerning the coming season. He has here the nucleus of an excellent company, and will probably make an immense amount of money. He has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Wm. Pridham, who is thoroughly acquainted with the interior of the State, and by far the most popular and competent advance agent in California.

Low Comedian Wanted.—I hear of a great demand among our theatrical managers for first rate low comedians and singing chambermaids. Those that are very good can jump into a good engagement at fine salaries, as soon as they arrive.

John Wood.—This clever actor and pleasant gentleman has, I am sorry to say, been laboring under severe indisposition for the past few weeks.

The Orrin Family have been giving a series of their chaste performances at Hayes' Park on Sunday afternoons. SHERRY.

From San Francisco we have more theatrical news, from another correspondent, under date of Feb. 10, 1862. DEAR CLIPPER:—Since writing to you last, theatricals have been on the "look up" in this city. At Maguire's Opera House, "The Inundation," a play founded on the fatal flood in France in the year 1846—was produced, and drew well for a few nights The mechanical effects of this piece were exceedingly fine. The rising of the waters, the destruction of property, the swamping of the boats, and drowning of the passengers, brought vividly before the audience the horrors of the flood that this State has just experienced. "The Angel of Death" was re-produced for one night, with Charles Wheatleigh, C. K. Thorn, and Miss Sophia Edwin in the principal characters. Several new farces have been produced, one of which, "The Comical Countess," with Mrs. W. H Leighton and Wheatleigh, was quite a success. On the 7th inst., Mrs. W. H. Leighton was the recipient of a complimentary benefit, tendered by her numerous friends, and was rewarded by an overflowing house; she appeared as Juliana, in the "Honey-moon," and fairly out-shone herself; after which Mr. William O'Neil, (who, by the way, is an immense favorite here) appeared in one of his ever welcome pieces, and the entertainment concluded with "The Fool of the Family," in which Mrs Leighton was obliged to sing five of her popular songs before the audience could be brought to a state of quietness. On Saturday evening, in addition to the regular entertainment, the Ellsworth Guards appeared on the stage, and drilled at the tap of the drum, which was "immense." Sunday evening, a great trial dance, for the Champion Belt of California and $200 a side, took place between Tom Greely and Tom Darling, which resulted in the success of the latter, but, by some unexplained reason, the judges afterwards decided it a *draw*. The house was crowded to excess. McKean Buchanan appears to-night as Sir Harcourt, in "London Assurance," and during the week as Jack Cade. "Rob Roy" and "Nick of the Woods" will be brought out. "The Children of Cyprus" is the next show piece, to be followed by the "Seven Sons," which has been for a long time under preparation..... The Metropolitan Theatre has received its share of public favor. Mr. Charles Dillon has appeared during the week in "Belphegor," "The Lady of St. Tropez," "Louis XI.," "New Way to Pay Old Debts," etc. Victo Hugo's drama of "Esmeralda" was played last night, with "Don Cæsar De Bazan,".....Mr. H. A Perry, whose death is mourned by a large circle of friends, was buried on the 24th of January. The services were held at the church of Rev. T. Starr King, and were very impressive. The cortege was quite large. The pall bearers were Mr. Thomas Maguire, Mr. Charles Pope, John H. Burns, Mr. Frank Mayo, Mr. William O'Neil, Mr. Felix B. White, etc. Thirty-seven carriages followed, containing relatives and friends. A magnificent marble monument is being erected by his wife, at an expense of $1 200.....Mr. John Fairchild, scenic artist, formerly of Boston, well known in the Eastern cities, died on Sunday, 9th Feb, from disease of the heart .....There is nothing doing in theatricals in the interior of the state, on account of the late flood and heavy rains. Mr. Charles Thorn and family (with the exception of Charles Jr., who is at Maguire's,) are lying idle; also a large number of others of the profession.....The different Melodeons are doing very well. Charley Bacchus, Joe Murphy, George Coes, etc., are still on the boards.....I am pleased to note the marriage of Mrs Mary S. Woodward, of Maguire's Opera House company, a lady of most inestimable qualities, well known in the theatrical circles, formerly the pet of the Boston public. She was married on Christmas day to Edward Stewart, 1st Assistant of the San Francisco Fire Department. E. T.

Mrs. Matt-Peel's Campbell Minstrels are coming on a "walk around" near to New-York. They were at Middletown, Conn., on the 6th March, and at New Haven on the 7th and 8th.

Mrs. D P. Bowers seems to remain as a sort of fixture at the Lyceum London, where she is the heroine in Manager Edmund Falconer's "Peep o' Day." Having purchased the American copyright of that piece, she is interested in its run at the original house. After that we may expect a breezy ventilation on the subject of international copyrights, and Laura Keene is quite likely to learn the "varieties," while all parties may learn the uncertainties, of the law. A keen encounter seems probable among the green-room bowers. Who volunteers to hold their bonnets? "'Twas you, sir, 'twas you, sir, 'twas you that kissed the pretty girl; 'twas you, sir, you."

Albany Hall, Milwaukee, said to be one of the finest and most commodious in the West, was destroyed by fire on the 1st March.

A tremendous cross-firing of correspondence is going on in England, as to the claims of authorship or charges of plagiarism, in relation to certain well known compositions for negro minstrelsy. This is quite refreshing for "our folks." "Sally Come Up," is now found to be nothing more nor less than "Massa is a Stingy Man." "The Whole Hog or None" is only a "new" version of Tom Moore's "Love's Young Dream," "Peter" is only a revival of "Lucy Neal" and "Ring de Banjo." These three samples of international and professional ventilation may serve to show how the wind sits in that quarter. "All vermifuge is useless," as Jaques Strop (in the well-known burlesque) says, after Robert Macaire saying "All subterfuge is useless."

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul are now on their fourth provincial tour, lasting from the 20th January until the 5th April, so that we have "no right" nor "no call" to expect them in this country for some time, although they would be "as welcome as the flowers of May." The Pauls continue under the management of Mr. George Dolby, a younger brother of the renowned contralto, Miss Dolby, a lady who should in strict politeness and truth be called Madame Sainton-Dolby, but who is so endeared to the hearts of the people as Miss Dolby that they still keep "encoring" her by that name so identified with music and the Drama. As the Pauls wind up business at Edinburgh on the 5th April, we have an idea that something "westward" is in Howard Paul's mind, for he cannot have forgotten "the snuggery" at our Metropolitan Hotel, and—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I (we) dearly lo' the West."

Various are the ways of honoring a sentiment, especially when pronounced upon the stage. While Kelley's Excelsior Dramatic Troupe were recently at Belleville, Canada, a complimentary occurred, which partakes somewhat of the dogmatic. It appears that two of the gentlemen present had been followed in, each respectively, by a favorite dog. The dogs had an old grudge on their minds, and kept very shady, considering the circumstances, while "The Lady of Lyons" was in progress But, when Pauline exclaims, "A husband's roof, however humble, is the temple of a wife's honor," the applause gave the pugnacious canines just the opportunity they wanted, and they "took a hold" which their masters could not separate. The howlings and jowlings terrified the performers on the stage. The ladies stood up where they had been previously seated. At last, the combatants were passed over the heads of the audience into the street, and fought the subject out without a roof.

Clint Williams, contortionist, is now doubling himself up and increasing the attractions at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh. Clint's fashion of abasing himself is likely to exalt him and unfold his fame.

For some reason not yet explained, a Mr. J. R. Fithian, who had volunteered to play Bardolph in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." for the benefit of A. D. Bradley, at the Academy of Music in Milwaukee, lately, did not even show his nose. Perhaps a Bardolphian nose is a rarity out in that "temperance" region. A gentleman of this city sometimes goes out of town.

They have a "modern Athens" in Scotland, and it is called Edinburgh. Some musical artists, headed by Mr. Hargitt, lately proposed there to perform the oratorio of "Elijah" but wished to be secured for two-thirds of the expenses, which would be about £270. All that could be thus guaranteed was £30 16s. Something queer about this, for "sweet Addinborree"

Lou Miller, a well known bill-sticker of Philadelphia, and Sam Cornwell, an old showman, take a joint benefit at Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, on the 20th.

In a previous issue of the CLIPPER, we have already alluded to some of the effects resulting from an exhibition of Sharp's portrait of Miss Kate Reignolds in the window of a certain picture store in Boston. This delicious but "counterfeit presentment" has now been properly placed in the galleries of the Exhibition Hall at the Boston Museum, and some anonymous poet has already perpetrated the following "concurrent testimony" of the muses, clearly showing that our estimation of the picture and of "the subject thereof," was not misplaced:—

Breathless we look upon her there,
Fearing to rouse from that deep, still repose,
The fair young queen of tears and mirth and song,
Who dreams alone, unconscious. Aside are thrown
Her robe and sceptre; the tuneful laugh is hushed,
Nor from her gentle eye flashes the shaft of power.
No coronet adorns the peaceful brow—nor gems,
Nor ornaments, the richly waving hair
Banded so tightly round the fair, pure head.
Undecked the slender throat but by the chain—
That envied little chain—that lies so close,
And marks whence gently flows the virgin breast,
Half hid—yet, in her careless reverie,
Half seen beneath the light held gossamer
That lightly swells and falls with the warm pulse
Of her sweet life. Amid the tender flowers
Her rounded shoulder shines, so rosy white,
It shames their budding beauty. Not so fragrant they
As th' ambrosial airs that from her parted lips
Steal forth to mingle with their perfume.
Entranced we gaze, feeling the human charm
Stronger than when in admiration mute,
We bowed before the heaven-inspired touch
That stirred at will, the deep and merry chords
Of feeling, love, and laughter, smiles and sighs.
So wise and yet so sweet, so changeful yet so calm,
With all the woman's power, all the maiden's bloom,
Olympian fire ne'er so fair a vessel found. L.

The Pittsburgh Theatre re-opened on Saturday evening, March 1st, and was well filled. Indeed, things looked so very favorable that big calculations were made on the coming week's business, which calculations, our correspondent "Now and Then" says, "I am sorry to say, have not been fully realised. Mr. Charles Bass, the comedian, commenced his engagement on Monday evening, 3d, and performed Sir John Falstaff, in "King Henry the Fourth." This character, as per announced bills, is Mr. Bass' great personation. He undoubtedly enacted the part exceedingly well, but he failed to come up to that high standard which our citizens were led to suppose he would reach. Hence, the second night there was a terrible falling off in the receipts, and although the audience presented a stronger appearance on Wednesday evening, still it was plain to be seen that Mr. Bass had not the hold upon our theatre-goers that Mr. Hackett has in the same line of characters. Mr. Bass closes his engagement on Saturday night, March 8 h, and is to be followed on the following Monday, March 10, by Mr. Neafie, who has heretofore played some fine engagements here, and I should not be surprised did he bring the business up to a splendid figure..... Among the rumors going the round is one to the effect that manager Henderson was so well pleased with his Wheeling trip, that he is now quietly organizing a company to open a permanent institution there, and that Neafie will proceed from here to the capital of New Virginia, as soon as his time is filled in this city..... Ettie Henderson's complimentary benefit, which was tendered her by some of the most prominent citizens and military men of Wheeling, was as grand an affair as has taken place in that neighborhood for a long time. Gen Rosecrans' staff attended in full uniform, and the General himself was alone prevented from being present by a very severe cold, from which he had been suffering terribly for a week prior to the invitation..... Trimble's Varieties and the Melodeon have both been doing a slim trade during the past week. Both places have good attractions, and deserve much better success than they have met with during the past six nights..... On Saturday evening, as Miss Viola Clifton was leaving the Scott House, to make her first appearance in a song at the Melodeon, she was politely accosted by an officer, and informed that she would have to appear first before Alderman Hambert, as there was an information there against her for obtaining money under false pretences. The fair songstress trembled at this unexpected news, but bade the officer lead the way, and she would follow. On arriving at the Alderman's office, she was informed by Mr. Trimble, of Trimble's Varieties, that his agent in Philadelphia had paid her four dollars in cash, and had furnished her a ticket, from Quakerdom to the Iron City, with the distinct understanding that she was to perform at his establishment ere she would sound a note beneath the roof of a rival. But as she had now accepted an engagement from Manager Wolf, of the Melodeon, she could easily understand upon what ground the charge of false pretences was based. Miss Viola declared her innocence, and stated that she had been made the victim of deceit and treachery. The hard hearted Alderman, however, was deaf to the young nightingale's entreaties, and accordingly bound her over for a further hearing in the sum of $200. A Mr. Faas satisfied the alderman that he was worth $400 clear of the world, after considerable cross firing, and became security for Miss Clifton; after which she proceeded on her way rejoicing, towards the Melodeon, where she sang that night to an admiring crowd, and where she has continued to hold forth each evening since. The hearing takes place to-morrow (7th) of which you will get particulars in my next..... Speaking of the Melodeon and the Varieties, I see that some sanctimonious individual is trying to stir up a breeze here against all concert saloons."

The Academy of Music, Milwaukee, seems to have been about squeezed dry. Following the illustrious Academy of Music in New York, all those places are usually found to inculcate almost every thing but music. The fact is notorious that the New York Academy of Music has never complied with the terms of its original charter, and the building stands, what the orators call "a living lie." We are weary with chronicling the disasters of similar institutions, (with the similar humbug of a title,) in Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Buffalo, etc. Benefits were the last in order. Harry Hawk pounced upon one on the 1st March, and A D Bradley took the brads that came in on the 3d. We have not heard that either of them or the treasurer were robbed while going home.

Our slim little friend, Arthur Napoleon, gave concerts lately at Cork, Ireland, in company with Mons. Vieuxtemps, and both artists were enthusiastically received.

Capt. Smith, with his concert troupe, have done well since leaving Albany. At Amsterdam, Schenectady, etc., the party were welcomed warmly. They were at Cohoes on the 7th and 8th. This week the Smith Family look in at Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo. The "showman" understands traveling, and seems younger than ever.

Mr. George Hodson, the monologue performer and imitator, has made a tour around London lately with a success that promises to rival that of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul. He has formerly performed twice before Queen Victoria, and has now been sent for by the Emperor and Empress of the French, to appear at the Palace of St. Cloud. "Vot's the hodds," Hodson?

Mons. Blondin now performs under the exclusive management of a London capitalist. Rope enough, and chalk enough.

Canterbury Hall, Alexandria, Va., is said to be the only place of the kind now open there, and able to "stand the press" of squaring accounts. Three was too many—too much pork for the shilling—especially when we consider what a damper a provost marshal's guard is "after taps." The Canterbury seems safe. John Purcell is now stage manager, Mr. Frazier having stepped out in "double quick." Miss Mary Walton, Al. Pierce, Harry Macon, Harry Talbott, and John Green, remain with the regular company.

The Female Christy's Minstrels, the nine Indian muses, have returned from their tour in France, and are now in the Eastern counties of England. Why this party should always appear in "full Indian costume," we never could understand; except it is to illustrate the astonishing ignorance of nearly all our English cousins in relation to everything that is American. Funny, but too true.

Among the general favorites at the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., are Miss Maria Rainforth and Mrs. Frank Graham. The latter is a "little fun," but a great card. Maria now reigns as a regular fixture.

As the "places of pretension" go down in Milwaukee, good music halls are going up. Chadduck's Hall, for instance, where Bob and Julia Edwards continue in the company.

Mr. and Mrs P. H Seamon and Family, with the Peter Hontz Family, are bobbing around "the old ditch," even if the canal boats are not running. Seamon seems quite a navigator. His party were at Earlville on the 6th March, Smyrna 7th, Hamilton 8th, Madison 10th, and so on to Utica this week. Mr. Glenroy and Master Charles Seamon do up the gymnastics. If a cotillion band are needed Seamon has one, and can take a hand or shake a leg in any department, from driving the team to striking the banjo.

Harry Hawk, formerly of Chicago, now of Milwaukee, is said to have been called upon by a Mr. Wallace, acting as agent for Mr. John Dillon, of New York, to demand the payment of $25, on account of Mr. Dillon claiming the authorship of a piece called "4 T. Thieves" placed on the bills by Harry Hawk when about to take a benefit at the Academy of Music, in Milwaukee. Harry is an undersized man, but he looked down upon this as a piece of pretty tall imposition, and showed some plucky demonstrations of resistance. The Mr. Wallace left, declaring that he should sue out an injunction, but the intended conjunction seems not to have been made. Somebody was in, and somebody was out. This thieving business has a forty humbug power. Strong tea.

The Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., has been so successful with Manager Henderson's admirable opera company in producing Howard Glover's "Once Too Often" that an extra performance on Saturday afternoons is not considered once too often each week. Nevertheless, "Aladdin," in preparation since Christmas, was produced in great splendor on the 18th Feb.

Miss Louise Leclercq took a farewell benefit, and made her last appearance on the stage, at the Haymarket, London, on the 19th Feb. If the public must lose Louise, we hope that there is something good in store for her.

The Surrey, London, has an "entirely new" piece in rehearsal, to take the place of "The White Boys" when withdrawn. The new piece is from the pen of Mr. J. E Carpenter, better known as "The World and his Wife"

According to the unanimous statements of all our English correspondents, the success of the concert halls in Great Britain and Ireland has not injured the business of the theatres. On the contrary, the latter never were more prosperous. Make a note.

There is something "up" as well as liberty poles in Cleveland, Ohio. Nearly all our usual friends at the Academy of Music there seem to be on the move, and the season closed on the 8th March. Miss Ada Webb took a benefit on the 28th Feb., and C J. Heartwell, the heavy ticket, followed suit on the 5th March. The Webb Sisters, the dear little ducks, although not web-footed, mean to swim out soon on the ocean of enterprise. Business is on a rising ripple. See advertisement of "Manager," at head of this department. Put in, boys and girls; put in. No mistake in the fruitful West, the true heart of our nation.

Miss Adah Isaacs Menken commenced a two week's engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on the 3d inst., opening in the "Angel of Midnight," and "The Unprotected Female." Seneca, our St. Louis correspondent, says:—"I have seldom spoken my own opinion of the various stars whose corruscations illumine our theatrical boards, so that I presume you will be willing that I should take some little of your space, to say my 'little say' of the all-conquering, indomitable Adah. Her former engagement was the best played in this city the present season, and may I not say, that her dashing abandon, in such impersonations as 'The Unprotected Female,' in the cause of it. She identifies herself with the part, and does everything in the most nonchalant manner possible, and with a 'taking way' which carries the audience with her. On the whole the subscriber might say, that in light, rattling farces, he is an admirer of Miss Menkin, and thinks, with her present knowledge of stage business, and study, she will in time acquire a fame more lasting than that conferred by adventitious circumstances..... Varieties Music Hall still floats upon the topmost wave of popular opinion, and Deagle—ever generous—this week gives a benefit to the sick and wounded soldiers, with which our hospitals are overflowing. The promise now is, it will prove a bumper, as it should, in such a cause, and no man with a heart can have seen the suffering specimens of humanity brought to this city without willingly expending some few dimes for their relief. Deagle deserves commendation for taking the lead in this matter, and will no doubt be followed by the management of other houses, now that an example is set..... There are no late changes in the company of the Varieties, but a constant change in the entertainments offered, and an evident improvement in even the leading members of the ballet, since Constantine's advent as leader, Ciara Butler, and Celia Morley as vocalists, Berry, Purday, Reeve, Slocum, and Nick Foster, all in their various *roles* prove more and more the favorites of the people, while Lizzy Walby, Mlle. Velarde, and Julia Hamilton, pirouette themselves into their affections. The Varieties 'flourishes like a green bay tree'..... Rhody Maguire is added to the Bowery company, where Johnny Boyce and the Delevantic Brothers are still the principal attractions..... John and Pete Conklin are still the leading favorites at the Melodeon, which is going on much as usual. Their gymnastic and herculean feats are very meritorious. The Yale Sisters do the dancing, and Miss Vic Howard the female vocal business of the Melodeon..... Johnny Roome has gone from the Bowery to the Canterbury Music Hall, while Corcoran has left the latter place. Business at the Canterbury so so ish..... Little Giggie Berry, daughter of Ned Berry, makes her *debut* the present week, as a *danseuse*, at the Varieties. She is a perfect little phenomenon in that line, though only about four years old..... There is at present no outside attraction at the Museum, but it can boast of an inside attraction of the finest collection of stuffed birds in the country; though perhaps I should call them ornithological specimens. No doubt Alf Burnett will soon place something new on the *tapis*, as he is a pushing fellow. ..... Already, since the late victories, there is an increased animation in business circles, and again we have boats up for Cairo and Nashville, loaded with necessaries of life for the suffering southrons who want to buy People begin to look for the opening of lower Mississippi navigation, and our old rush of trade South. Selah!"

Manager H. C. Jarratt's Combination Company, now called "Congress of Artists," wound up last week at New Haven, after visiting the "academies" at Providence and Hartford.

The way that "doctors differ" is proverbial; but the way that newspaper editors "pitch in" is somewhat noticeable in relation to our music halls. Some call them "pleces," some say that grown up people should be allowed to suit themselves; while others shirk the subject, like Jerry Sneaks, and say nothing. Which is the most reasonable medium may be seen in the following extract from a speech made by John Wilton, at his annual benefit lately in London:—"I would now say a word or two about these Music Halls. My impression is, that they are an honor to the country; and, what is more, I think Wilton's Music Hall shares in that honor. You must understand that these Halls are not confined to the Metropolis. There is not a town of any importance in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, but what has its Music Hall or Halls, and I am quite sure, from observations which I have made since I have had the honor of catering for your amusement, that they have created a great social and moral improvement amongst the working classes of this country. You refer to the statistics of drunkenness and breaches of the peace now and fifteen years back, and you will see a wonderful decrease in these offences, particularly drunkenness—that bane to the domestic happiness and comfort of the working man. To what then, I would ask, is to be attributed the decrease of this offence? Why, to nothing else but the establishment of a cheap and rational entertainment which these Music Halls have provided for the working classes of this country, for it is the working classes—and the working classes alone—who are the great support of them. There is no doubt in the world, the cause of so much drunkenness in this country was the want of amusement for the people."

Owing to some misunderstanding, the "Beautiful Cubas" did not appear at the Washington Theatre last week. The week was filled by Barney Williams and wife. Cubas opens at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 24th inst., and so on through her Western tour. Engagements have already been effected for her appearance in the principal cities.

The rebels had better look out sharply, because Herr Lengel, the wild beast tamer, is "on the spring" for them. Mynheer Von Lengel had a three months taste of active service last summer, with the Philadelphia National Guards. He did not get much of a sight at the secession cages, for his command was ordered to Baltimore. He is now a sergeant in Col. Richard Butler Price's Second Pennsylvania Cavalry, and, for the present, at Camp Patterson, Point Breeze, near Philadelphia, but the Herr is in hopes of getting a better sight at the "animules" soon, provided Peace does not ring down the green curtain and the politicians turn off the (contractor's) gas. We knew that many of our regiments could turn out almost a City Directory of trades and professions, but we must congratulate Col. R. B. Price on his going ahead with a wild beast tamer.

If any proof were needed of the noble manner in which the theatrical profession has out lived the influence of its intolerant opponents, we may see it in the following address of condolence to Queen Victoria from the Royal General Theatrical Fund, unanimously agreed upon at the regular monthly meeting of the directors, on the 11th Feb., in London. If any proof be needed of the wise toleration and artistic sympathy entertained by the Sovereign Lady of Great Britain and Ireland, it may be known from her continual acts of munificent patronage to artists of every class, but particularly to the musical or the dramatic. No comment of ours is needed, farther than this. Here is the document:—"Madam, May it please your Majesty,—Among the numerous Addresses of affectionate condolence presented to your Majesty on the occasion of your Majesty's last sad and most bitter bereavement, in the loss of your illustrious Consort, Prince Albert, the Directors, Members, and Annuitants of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, of which your Majesty is so liberal a supporter, feel it to be their duty as well as their earnest desire to express in a few words their deep sympathy with you Majesty in this hour of anguish. Not only is this sympathy shared by the members of the General Theatrical Fund, but by the entire body of Dramatic Artists throughout your Majesty's dominions, for all acknowledge with sorrow that they have been deprived of a firm and enlightened friend and a liberal patron; still they humbly hope and pray that time, the comforter, with the help of a firm resignation to the Almighty will, may bring a solace to your Majesty's grief and that the nation may yet rejoice in the knowledge that your Majesty's peace is restored, and a calm happiness found in the love and devotion of your Majesty's august Family, and in the unchanging loyalty and affection of every subject in your Majesty's empire.

"Signed on behalf of the Directors, Members, and Annuitants of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, amounting to one hundred and seventy six persons. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE,

"Honorary Treasurer."

As there seems to be a sort of stampede going on among gentlemen who are ambitious of obtaining the situation of business agent for Miss Joey Gougenheim, usually held by Mr. R. O. Eddy, on account of the statement so widely circulated that Joey and R. O. had incontinently been separated outside the harbor of San Francisco, by "falling to connect" after getting on board of two different vessels, we may now state that a friend of ours has in his possession a letter from Mr. Thomas Maguire, of San Francisco, from which we make the following extract:—"Joey Gougenheim and R. O. Eddy, after several unsuccessful attempts, fairly got off, bound for Australia. They had taken the Metropolitan, kept it open for six weeks, and got $4000 in debt; Joey and Eddy hired a pilot boat a day or two before the ship sailed, went outside, and waited till the ship came up, which they boarded, and are consequently now on their way to Melbourne." This letter of Mr. Maguire's is dated 20th Jan., and therefore knocks that story about "the Dutch captain" and "the ship bound to Cork," although said story is "not bad to take," higher than three courses of kites, and corroborates what we stated in our last. Therefore, all the hurry and bustle among the would-be "hay-gents" may as well cease; and, whether Joey lands in Melbourne or Cork, we venture to guess that so spirited a woman and so good an actress will never want for friends—and good friends—until "the right man" comes along. Our "New York gals" can travel—they can. "Hay gents, 'old yer 'osses!" As for Cork—

The people there love an actress, as they'd cherish a rose,
The love of beauty an Irishman's trade is;
Tipperary shillelaghs would cripple her foes,
And all Ireland declare for the ladies.

Whatever may be said of Tom Sayers' advisers in the case of his fight with Heenan, he seems to have some knowing heads around him since he went into the circus or show business. While Tom's equestrian company were at York, on

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

EXCITING MILL BETWEEN

CHARLEY LYNCH, (THE AMERICAN,) AND ANDY KELLY.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 17th of September, 1856, from certain signs in pugilistic circles, it was evident to a practised observer, that some important decision was about to take place. The moon was shining brightly, the North River was placid as a sheltered lake, and a party of choice spirits, anticipating nothing but unalloyed sport and pleasure, proceeded in a small steamer up to Huyler's Landing, a few miles below Piermont, on the Jersey Shore.

The especial matter in hand was a fight between Andy Kelly and Charley Lynch, which had been talked of for some time previously. Both were tough little specimens of the light-weight order. Kelly's height was about 5 feet 5 inches, and his usual weight was not more than 115 lbs., but at the fight was not over 108. Lynch was about two inches less in stature, but heavier. Their seconds and backers were on the boat, and "mirth and jollity ruled the hour" until arriving near the ground selected by the commissary.

The ground selected was about a mile and a quarter from Huyler's Landing, and was all that could be desired. By about half past five on Thursday morning, the ring was ready in orthodox style, and the lads shied their castors into the arena of contest. The toss for choice of corners was won by Kelly, and he took the south-east, for a bright and warm September sun was soon to arrive. The seconds readily made their toilets according to the most approved fashions of the P. R. Kelly's colors were pink and white stripes. Lynch's were black. Their belts of course agreed with the handkerchiefs on the stake post.

When the men peeled, the betting, which had been in Lynch's favor, was not at all decreased on observing the almost effeminate but decidedly feeble condition of Kelly, who had caught a cold on the night of Young Wallace's exhibition, (August 29,) and had never fully rallied from its depressing effects. Lynch was not only more stocky in his growth, but in fine development of muscle; his back and chest looked like a sack of hard potatoes. Kelly, however, had a longer reach as well as height, and he carried himself with a very jaunty and winning air.

At a quarter before six, the preliminary ceremonies were all concluded. Each man put up $25 on his own head, and the money was handed by them to a gentleman of this city in whom all parties knew they could confide.

"All hands" from each corner then shook hands in the good old style, and none more heartily than the two principals. The well-known "awful pause" ensued, and then began—

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both seemed confident in manner, but certainly cautious in movement. After much feinting, changing sides, and coming to a stand still with laughing, Kelly began to get a little jocular with his left, and contrived to draw Lynch towards him, when he put in an open-handed tingler on Lynch's dial. Lynch then rushed in as if for job work, but Kelly dropped, and put out his tongue, laughing. Lynch shook his head, held up his hands, and went to his corner, laughing.

2. Much more cautious. Solemn sparring. Attitudes very good. Feints ingenious. Both went in for the chances on a mutual rush. Considerable round hitting, novice fashion. Kelly put in his left like lightning on Lynch's knob. Lynch gave a tremendous chop with his right on Kelly's left epaulette, and Kelly yielded with both knees. [Cheers on both sides.]

3. Very cautious surveying. Kelly put in a rattling sockdolager on Lynch's breadbasket. [Cheers for Kelly, and the rising sun touched the men's heads.] Andy showed himself handy, but Lynch made lunging rushes and got past Kelly's guard, who then slipped down.

4. Caution continued, some in-fighting took place, and Lynch struck out freely, but Kelly made prompt and beautiful stops. The counter-hitting was very fine, but Lynch getting the worst of it about the knowledge box, rushed in wildly for a clinch, and Kelly slipped down again, laughing and putting out his tongue. Lynch shook his head as if saying "You know I can't hit you now."

5. Both came up laughing. Kelly seemed disposed to push his wares, but Lynch was rather shy, and his face "cutting considerable of a swell." Some smart samples were exchanged, and a few heavy deliveries made, but Lynch was evidently appointed receiver. He declined the honors and made a desperate rush which bore Kelly down.

6. Lynch seemed to demand a settlement right off, but Kelly put in a Rip Van-Winkle body-walloper, followed by a stunning facer, enough to mix stars, moon, and sunshine together. Lynch rushed in with bellows blowing by steam, and Kelly slipped down, laughing.

7. A similar round all through. Both men settling down to their work. Lynch looking serious, but not at all out of temper. [Loud cheers, and some betting for Kelly.]

8. The hitting out on both sides scientific and beautiful. Both well warmed in their harness. Stops and counter-hits very fine indeed. Sharp work for the eyes. A rallying close till Lynch clinched, when Kelly went down. [Expressions of admiration for both men.]

9. This commenced without any preliminary flourishes in a desperate clash of in fighting. Kelly by degrees taught Lynch to keep at a more respectful distance, and put in a left-handed facer by lightning express from the shoulder. Lynch took it like a Trojan, and stood up nobly, but his peepers began to wince, and the rising sun's rays bothered him. He rushed in wildly, and Kelly went down. Lynch wiped his eyes. Kelly got up on his knees, put out his tongue and laughed. Lynch looked around at the spectators and laughed also.

10. Both got to work in good style, and Kelly gave a slight tap on Lynch's forehead. A rally ensued, but Kelly made Lynch stand off well as he was using his mawleys. This round was like a double nut. Lynch soon began striking out also, but was effectually stopped or countered. Both began to blow a little. Lynch made his usual Buffalo rush, and Kelly went down.

11. Kelly began with his left on Lynch's frontispiece—a regular staggerer. Lynch looked serious, and did his best to get past Kelly's guard. Kelly hopped around like a dancing master, coaxing Lynch along, but giving him a taste of hope deferred. No chance left for Lynch but rushing. He went in, and threw Kelly handsomely. [Tremendous cheering for Lynch.]

12. Kelly began by sending in his left, sure as a registered letter, as usual. Lynch seemed puzzled, although good natured as a milking cow. "Why don't you come up?" says Kelly, observing Lynch's hesitation. The latter soon had no choice but to rush in. A severe rally ensued, and at the close Kelly went down.

13. Lynch rather oppressed for wind, and face much swollen. Sun getting warm. Kelly put in a crusher with his left on Lynch's right observatory, making him quite "a full-bodied man in the face." Some drumming body-wallopers were exchanged. In-fighting, and Kelly down.

14. Both came up chaffing, as if each was going to the wedding of the other's sister. Kelly put in a stinger on Lynch's snout, a sharp rally ensued, and Kelly down. Lynch held up his hands as he stood over his antagonist while falling.

15. Lynch contrived to change sides with Kelly, and stood like a rock with his back to the sun. Kelly sent his irresistible left on Lynch's potato-trap in such a "mashing" style, that Lynch was soon obliged to "come out o' that." Kelly then followed him up with a right-handed thrasher, a left-hander on the conk, and a one-two on each temple. Lynch tried to make a wrestling clinch, but Kelly dodged down. Lynch somewhat blown.

16. Each stood his ground at the scratch. Lynch's face began to look like something between a warming pan and a cocked hat. Kelly put in more of the same sort with his left again. Lynch took it like one of Mrs. Caudle's lectures. Another rush, rally, and close, with Kelly down.

17. Both came up as solemn as if they had been to confession. Both hit out in beautiful style. The stops and counters were admirably well made. Kelly soon got a lighting pass, and gave a straight streak with his left to Lynch's right temple, which brought the first claret of the day. [Loud cheers for Kelly.] Lynch stood up manfully, and tried to deliver his sentiments on the subject, but they fell short. A rush from Lynch, rally, and close, when Kelly got down, of course.

18. Lynch seemed relieved by parting with some of the extravasated blood from his face, and also seemed disposed to force the fighting. Kelly danced around, and soon put in a one-two right and left, starting the ruby with a fresh tide. Lynch stood well to his work, and delivered a right-handed rattler on Kelly's mouth. Lynch followed up in crowding style, and give and take came into full fashion. Kelly danced away in Yankee Sullivan's style, looking over his right shoulder like a waterman, and gave a few light taps, but got weak and fell.

19. Lynch all the better for losing blood. Both laughing. Kelly put in an ugly strut blow—a regular propper—on Lynch's throat. Rally and close. Kelly down again.

20. Kelly began sending in his left, as usual, but Lynch dodged, and seized Kelly by the waist. An awful throw seemed inevitable, when Kelly slipped through like an erratic mackerel, and put out his tongue while laughing at Lynch, who shook his head and laughed also, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment. Kelly weaker.

21. Kelly commenced with a left on the upper pimple and a right on the snuffer tray. Lynch rushed in for a rally, but Kelly went down quite weak.

22. Kelly put in left and right again, but this time on Lynch's observatories. Lynch made a rush, but Kelly down.

23. Lynch, looking wildly out of his peepers, seemed resolved to end the fighting. Kelly began to hop around in light weight fashion, but was scarcely able to keep up his guard. Lynch at last got at him, and straightened him out with a very clean throw. [Vociferous cheering for Lynch.]

24. Lynch blowing like a porpoise, but strong on his pins. Kelly calm and plucky, but his guard trembling. Lynch seemed disposed to spar for wind, but Kelly tried to get in his crushing swift blows. Lynch countered with great skill, and administered a tremendous thrasher to Kelly, who soon went down. [Vociferous cheering for Lynch resumed.]

25. Kelly contrived to get that awful left in again on Lynch's nob, which began to look like a very full moon "away down South." Lynch kept at a respectful distance, and Kelly would not accept the numerous invitations for a clinch. At last, on a rush from Lynch, Kelly down.

26. Both seemed better by the great care and nursing they had from their friends. Both smiling. Kelly sent in his left as if by lightning. Lynch crowded all sail after Kelly's dancing. At last, Kelly went down on one knee, and Lynch made a round blow over his head before he could check himself.

27. Lynch seemed inclined for mischief, and put in a severe left-hander on Kelly's signboard, just between the eyes. Kelly returned this compliment on Lynch's mouth, and made his box of ivories rattle. Lynch still passed on, and Kelly administered some awful upper cuts which set Lynch to sneezing. Kelly would not strike, and the men were separated by their seconds. [Loud cheering on both sides.]

28. A very similar round as regards the interchange of compliments; except that Lynch's blows fell very short. He soon began to dodge, and at last Kelly had a sprawling fall in consequence.

29. This was a dodging affair, for both seemed inclined that way. At last, by a laughable coincidence, just as Lynch was falling by an over-reached blow, Kelly followed suit before he could check himself, and away they sprawled to opposite corners. [Roars of laughter.]

30. Kelly got in his left after the old style, and Lynch seemed to find it out. In the rally which ensued Kelly got down. Both rather gaspy.

31. From the start Kelly made slashing use of his tremendous left upon Lynch's potato-trap. Lynch tried to get up a clinch, but Kelly slipped down, tongue out, laughing.

32. Lynch began with a regular scatterer on Kelly's letter-box, which soon brought the claret from one corner of it. Some whacking body blows ensued, and a sharp rally took place in Kelly's corner, where Lynch preferred fighting to get out of the sun. Kelly soon slipped down.

33. Severe body blows were exchanged—regular "tater-mashers"—cut and come again—churning style—give and take—go it, yer cripples—tap and drum. Lynch's mostly falling short, he at last struck out and gave Kelly a fair knock-down tap. [Tremendous cheering for Lynch.]

34. Another thrashing time, but more aimed at the upper works. Kelly fell at his corner, and Lynch, trying to get his head in chancery, made a round blow over his head. [Claim of "foul" not allowed, because Kelly had not been struck by the blow.]

35. Both men seemed anxious for fair fighting, and "nothen else." Kelly's right upper jaw showed symptoms of pregnancy. A lively rattle or two, some good straight hitting, Lynch crowding in, and Kelly down. [Dissatisfaction renewed.]

36. [An interval of two minutes.] A thrashing time of wild hitting which rather favored Lynch and started the claret again from Kelly, who went down very weak.

37. Lynch gave much punishment, and Kelly began to hop around, but soon got fatigued and Lynch again put in some severe thrasters. Kelly dropped with weakness. [Tremendous cheers for Lynch.]

38. Kelly much revived and both men merry. They soon went to work in earnest, and throaters were all the fashion. Lynch wanted to embrace, but Kelly went down. [Fans in demand.]

39. Lynch tried to lead the fun, but was admirably countered twice. Rush, rally, and close, with Kelly down.

40. Kelly put in some tremendous windpipe squeezers, and Lynch some ingenious side clips around Kelly's nob. Kelly soon fell, and Lynch just stopped himself in time to avoid giving a foul blow.

41. Lynch was countered in every hit he made, and he tried his best strength with great skill. Lynch then offered a hug, which was respectfully declined by Kelly, who soon went down.

42. Kelly laughing. Lynch rather serious and short-winded. Kelly put in one for his nob, one for each peeper, and a china-shop rattler on the mug. Lynch put in a regular tater-masher on Kelly's breadbasket, but it sounded like a tap on an old portman teau, and Kelly went down.

43. This was very similar, but not quite so disastrous for Lynch's observations. Body blows were freely exhausted. Kelly went down suddenly. Lynch held up his hands and shook his head, laughing.

44. Both came up with great caution, advised by seconds not to laugh so much. Lynch spread himself out for business and made some splendid striking out, such as is the glory of the P. R., yet Kelly's remarkable skill not only countered him at every point, but put in a decided bung-starter under Lynch's right peeper. Lynch then rushed in for chances, but Kelly went down.

45. Somewhat similar. Lynch resorted to his side clips, and gave Kelly a back knuckle chop on the jugular vein, which made him gasp and jump up like a shot hare. Kelly recovered for a rally, but soon went down.

46. Very similar again, beginning with great caution. Lynch had the best of it at first, but Kelly hopped around like a king-bird pecking the pate of a bald eagle. Lynch bore the punishment manfully as long as he could, but soon had to rush in, and Kelly went down. [Cheering for Kelly.]

47. Kelly now forced the fighting, and put in three of the straightest kind of facers one after the other and strictly *secundem artem*. Lynch looked as bewildered as the all-abroad state of his features would permit. In a rally of in-fighting, however, he gained nothing. Kelly, being loudly cheered, kept his feet, and Lynch then gave him a straight knock down. [Tumultuous cheering.]

48. Both laughing. Fluctuations of hitting not important. Breathing labored. Sun hot. Little air stirring. Neither disposed to be very mischievous until a pretty sharp rally, when Lynch caught Kelly by the waist and was about to inflict a dashing throw, but Kelly slipped down, put out his tongue and laughed. Lynch scarcely able to see.

49. This was very similar, except that Kelly started off by putting in a thrasher, and went down as soon as Lynch made his rush in, which he usually did when he could bear Kelly's punishing strikes no longer.

50. Kelly now essayed to exhibit wrestling abilities, and rushed his man to the ropes with all the dignity and consequence of one of the heavy weights. Lynch seemed astonished, as well he might, but soon rallied, and would have got Kelly's nob in chancery had not Kelly planted himself in a noble attitude once more at the scratch, where, after a short rally, Kelly went down, laughing. Lynch put his left thumb to his nose, and ground a tune with his right mauley "over the left." [Rounds of laughter.]

51. Both came up chaffing. Kelly soon put in a thrasher. Lynch put in a few body blows, but mostly falling short. Kelly went down. [Been fighting one hour.]

52. Kelly put in three more dashers on Lynch's dial. Lynch struggled well, but could only get in a slight tap on Kelly's old portmanteau again. Kelly then put in three more of the same sort on Lynch's right observatory hard enough to knock his skull off. Both down with weakness. [Immense cheering all around the ring. Betting even on Kelly. Lynch much distressed for wind, and prostrate at his corner.]

53. [Interval of a minute and a half.] Lynch greatly revived, and put in three lunging body blows. Kelly put in a crashing facer, and soon went down.

54. Lynch improving in wind, but carrying an indefinite "map of the Indies" in his upper works. He sent in a couple of severe body-wallopers, and Kelly put in a couple, but dropped directly. [An Irishman's comment—"Be Jabers, but he's a humming bird, that little fella."]

55. Kelly sent in a one two on Lynch's letter-box, and two more on the breadbasket. Lynch tried the side clips, but could not make them tell. A rally, a close, and Kelly down. [15 to 10 on Kelly, with cheering all around.]

56. A thrashing mill and no mistake. Kelly dancing around, Lynch after him, and getting some awful upper cuts for following so familiarly. Straight hitting was resumed at the scratch. The hitting out was superbly scientific. Both men did nobly, and won rounds of applause. At last, Lynch, blinded with blood, rushed in as usual, to avoid further punishment, and both went down side by side, Lynch very much distressed. [General applause continued.]

57. [Interval of a minute and a half.] Both lads came up chaffing for fun. Lynch much improved, and gave some tremendous chops with his right on Kelly's left shoulder. Kelly could not use his awful left just then, Lynch had sprained his right, so both went down as in the previous round, Lynch blowing like a whale, and spitting blood.

58. A very cautious setting to. Both started long-reached left-handers at the same instant. After a severe rally came a wrestling clinch, and Kelly was thrown, Lynch falling heavily upon him. [Vociferous shouting from the Fourth-Wardites, and cries of "That's the way to cure him of dropping it" from Lynch's corner.]

59. Both came up chaffing and bantering, but still anxious to spar for wind. Kelly soon got his left at work with tremendous effect in the way of upper cuts. Lynch made his usual rush in, and this time he caught Kelly by the waist for a clean throw, but Kelly slipped down, Lynch red on the muzzle.

60. A very similar round, from first to last. Lynch in great want of wind. Sun very warm.

61. Kelly started with a flush hit on the cocoa-nut of Lynch, who went in for a rally, ending in both down.

62. A bustling round. It was hit, stop, and get away, with Kelly. With Lynch it was punch, offer, and lunge. Kelly kicked up the sod like a little bantam, and Lynch braced himself like a rhinoceros sharpening his tusks. At last Kelly was thrown, with Lynch's right arm across his throat. [A foul claimed by Kelly's seconds, but not allowed, and the seconds on both sides advised to be more active in separating the men when down.]

63. Both smiling, though Lynch's smile might be considered somewhat equivocal. His optics had the tallest kind of a pair of cast-iron spectacles, the right eye-lid had a transverse orifice like a Southern darkey's mouth, and his entire knob blazed like a light-house with the reflectors all red. Kelly struck out, and pinked him more than ever on the snout. Lynch tried to retaliate, but could not get within punching distance. After pegging away some time, Lynch made his rush, but Kelly only drew more of the carmine, and both went down quite weak. [Cheering very general. Betting 5 to 1 on Kelly.]

64. [Interval of a minute.] Lynch much refreshed, and hammered out freely. Kelly's dancing around not so active. By fibbing, Lynch caught him heavily on the right jaw, and Kelly went down on the saving suit immediately after giving Lynch a flush splasher on the conk.

65. Kelly led off with his left in the most severe style. Lynch seemed to think he might as well move as take it standing. He backed Kelly to the ropes, and thrashed with his mauleys until Kelly's head struck the middle post on the east side. Lynch then manfully backed himself about a pace, and Kelly in gratitude did not seem willing to hit out, but went down.

66. Both sparred for wind. Kelly delivered a rattler on Lynch's neck, and Lynch put in a heavy lunge on Kelly's kidneys by a circumbendibus route, following this up by another thrashing of Kelly backwards to the ropes. Kelly gave him a flush on the forehead, and both went down on all fours.

67. Very similar, except that Lynch took more punishment, and the men fell side by side. [Cries of "Kelly's a Spider!"]

68. Both commenced business at once in the pounding line. Lynch got in a crasher with his left on Kelly's ribs, but the sound was like that of hitting a plucked turkey. Kelly returned the compliment with frightful velocity on Lynch's throat, and then laid himself down quite leisurely. Lynch much distressed for wind, evidently "bellows to mend."

69. The men made play merrily, and Lynch soon put in an awful slogger on Kelly's throat. Sparring resumed. Kelly put in a terrific nailer on Lynch's signboard. Lynch dropped his arms, walked in like a locomotive, seized Kelly by the waist, and gave a clean throw. [Tumultuous cheering."]

70. A desperate display of hitting and countering. Kelly gave two running smacks on the sneezer, and Lynch could stand it no longer. He threw himself past Kelly's guard, seized him by the waist, but could not throw Kelly this time. They finally fell near the middle post on the south side, Lynch on top, Kelly playfully using his daddies as if in a sparring bout. [Enthusiastic cheering for both men.]

71. Kelly came up smiling, and Lynch tried to smile if his features would let him. Kelly said—"If we fight all day, I shan't attempt to wrestle with you." Lynch opened the orifice where his mouth used to be. Kelly's eyes gleamed as if he had been taking opium, and his face became more intellectual than usual. Sparring splendid, and attitudes superb, of both. Kelly soon sent in a right-handed crusher on Lynch's canister. Lynch tried to come in, but could not reach either grapes or vine. Kelly was in the act of repeating the right handed dose when Lynch dodged, and Kelly treated himself to a sprawl on the grass which set all hands to laughing, Kelly as loud as any.

72. Considerable finesse. Lynch got in a lunging body blow, Kelly stood off, and hit out right and left. A thrashing time ensued, and Kelly went down. [Cries of "A second Spider!"]

73. Thrashing resumed at once, like novices. Kelly, however, backed to a more scientific distance, and then steadily backed Lynch to the middle post on the east side. Lynch got desperate and resumed fibbing, but both went down quite weak. [Loud cheering all round, and 10 to 1 offered on Kelly.]

74. Kelly opened the game with a severe rattler from his left on Lynch's ribs. Lynch ran in for what he could find. Mutual fibbing, close, and both down side by side, Kelly dodging out from under. Lynch's bellows hard at work. [Kelly considered winner.]

75. Kelly got in his left on Lynch's nose-meeter. Brisk rally. Clinch and throw. Kelly under. [Tumultuous cheering.]

76. Lynch struck out for a lead, but Kelly gave him a sneezing upper-cut on the snout. A tough grapple. Kelly under at the ropes.

77. Kelly opened the ceremonies with a splasher on the letter-box, and a lightning slog-blow backhanded on the body. Kelly danced around like a fairy, making Lynch follow him, or else he followed up Lynch with that awful left, hurling it like the bolts of Jove. If Lynch stood his ground, Kelly could mill his head off. If Lynch followed Kelly up, he must certainly get weak. The latter result took place in this round, especially as Lynch had lost much blood while standing. He was now so weak that Kelly threw him easily and had him under at the ropes. Separated by the seconds as soon as possible. [12 to 1 offered on Kelly.]

78. Lynch came up to the scratch, spitting blood. As soon as the lads got at work, Kelly put in a tremendous tingler on Lynch's potato trap, followed by a disastrous upper-cut, which seemed to stun him. Lynch had no choice but a rush. He seized Kelly fair and square, and threw him badly under, starting the wind at both ends. Separated.

79. A lively commencement, and both in chaffing order. Lynch delivered some blows, Kelly's guard being weak. Kelly sent in four severe crushers, marking north and south, east and west, upon Lynch. A fibbing close, and both down.

80. Kelly led off right away with a streak-of-lightning right-hander on Lynch's left lug. Lynch hit short and got to fibbing, when both went down. [Some spectators left, saying Kelly must win.]

81. Smart exchanges. Both pretty fresh, considering. An awful upper-cut was administered by Kelly on Lynch's conk while in the referee's corner, which sent the blood flying over "some people." Kelly's dancing was too much for Lynch. In a closing rally both men went down.

82. A pretty merry time began with the daddles on both sides. Hits and countering very fine. All the work done "on the square." Kelly's guard was so square that Lynch could not get past it except on a rush. This he had to do. After a buffeting close, both went down, laughing. [Wild betting on Kelly.]

83. Kelly made three feints in masterly style with his left, and then put in a battering-ram rush with his right. A severe rally ensued, and both fell at the ropes. Kelly seemed rather nervous in his feet and knees, and requested his seconds to let him walk about, saying that he was as strong as when the fight began. The seconds nursed him with their usual care.

84. Lynch led off with a slogger on the throat from his left. Kelly's dancing around showed a great falling off. Lynch followed him up to the ropes on the south side. A savage rally of in-fighting took place, and Lynch threw Kelly, falling heavily on him.

85. Both came up quite lively, except that Kelly did not seem to have the usual control of his pins. Kelly kept sending out his left with terrible execution until thrown by Lynch precisely as in the previous round.

86. At the call of "Time!" Kelly took two steps from the circle of his corner, essayed to put up his guard as if at the scratch, and in this attitude fell, or rather dropped, forwards, slightly inclined to the left side. Lynch came to the scratch and gazed upon his fallen antagonist with astonishment. On being hailed as the victor, Lynch looked as if he could not believe his eyes or ears, but soon threw up both arms and waved his hands. Kelly was found to be insensible, and his friends rallied around him as soon as possible. Great surprise was manifested at the suddenness of the fall, Kelly having been so very lively just previously; but the conclusion and decision of the fight could not be denied. Kelly died soon after reaching the city.

REMARKS.

Notwithstanding the subsequent fatal result of this fight, we may be permitted to remark that such a gallant mill proved more clearly than ever the high importance of pugilistic skill. Here was a very young and sickly man, just held together by plasters (two of which had been taken off on the eve of fighting) standing up for an hour and three-quarters, leading off in nearly every one of eighty-five rounds, and administering effective punishment which all the strength and no little skill of an older and heavier opponent could not avoid without resorting to a clinch or a wrestle.

The truth is, (independently of the lesson taught by the sad termination of this affair,) that Kelly was not in fighting condition. In saying this, we do not mean to doubt the ability employed in training him, but the incipiency of a consumptive diathesis had become so far advanced that on putting his recuperative powers to a sustained test like that of the present occasion, there was no telling the moment that the vital forces might become prostrated.

So far from having any fault to find with the training, we think that the fight itself is the best proof of the general efficiency attained by Kelly in this important preparation.

"PROPS."—The examination of some parties arrested in San Francisco for gambling with "props" was recently commenced in the Police Court, but not concluded, owing to a question in the mind of the Court whether "props" is a "banking game," or "game of chance." If the former, the case would have to be sent to the Court of Sessions for trial; if the latter, it comes within Judge Cowles' jurisdiction. The question was taken under advisement by the Judge. An army officer says it is not a "banking game," properly speaking, as the small shells with which the game is played, are thrown alternately by each of the players, and not by a single dealer, as would be the case in a regular banking game.

EXPENSIVE SHOT.—The Ericcson iron-plated floating battery at Green Point has been armed with two 11 inch columbiads, which have been furnished with 400 wrought iron shot, each ball costing $47, and weighing 184 lbs. These balls were made by forging square blocks of iron at the Novelty Works, then turning them at the lathe. The cost of the 400 amounts to $18 800, and their total weight is 73 000 lbs. Cast iron shot are liable to break in pieces when fired against thick iron plates. These wrought iron shot are for smashing through the sides of such secession floating batteries as the Merrimac at Norfolk, and Hollins' Turtle at New Orleans.

A LITTLE BULL.—In a school where the class was exercising in spelling and definitions, the teacher gave out the word "leaflet."

"L-e-a-f leaf l-e-t let leaflet—a little leaf," sung out a bright-eyed little girl.

The next word was "bullet."

"B-u-l bul l-e-t let bullet—a little bull," screamed out a red headed chap, which put an end to spelling and defining for that afternoon.

To make yourself a rogue—Become a politician.

SHORT PRAYERS.—A popular divine tells a good story as a hit at those Christians who are too indolent in faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to the bed-post. Then on cold nights he merely pointed to the document, and, with the words "O Lord, those are my sentiments," blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

TOO MUCH.—A London exchange says that a brewer's drayman lately died in that city, at the age of 31, who had for ten years drank ten or twelve quarts of beer in a day.

And that's what ailed him.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XVI.

For CHILD was she, by numbering years and days;
But counting age by INTELLECT alone,
(Which all should do "who walk in wisdom's ways,")
Miss CONSTANCE really was a woman grown!
Her well shaped form won universal praise;
The light of genius from her dark eye shone!
Her cheeks were tinted with the orient's glow,
And her smooth skin was white as falling snow.

The world affords not a more pleasing sight than an intellectual girl, whose eyes beam with intelligence, and whose features are animated by the glow of conscious superiority, especially if her skin possesses that singular whiteness, smoothness and purity which GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP is alone able to impart! This Soap, it is well known, not only removes every vestige of Tan, Freckle, Sunburn, Sallowness, Eruptions, &c., but gives to the complexion a rosiness resembling the "orient's glow." But a clear skin is not the only requisite of female beauty; an ABUNDANCE OF RICH SILKY, GLOSSY HAIR, is also desirable—and this can be readily obtained through the instrumentality of GOURAUD'S MEDICATED HAIR RESTORATIVE! Superfluous hair is positively uprooted from any part of the body by GOURAUD'S Magical POUDRE SUBTILE. GOURAUD'S LIQUID VEGETABLE ROUGE imparts a delicate and permanent tinge to pale cheeks and lips. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE is the only article ladies should apply to their skin, in the shape of powders.

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S only depot is at 67 Walker street, first store from (not in) Broadway.

Agents—Callendar & Co., Third and Walnut streets, Philadelphia; J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston; Bliss, Springfield; &c.

MICHEAL PHELAN'S
IMPROVED

BILLIARD TABLES
AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Protected by Letters Patent dated Feb. 19, 1856; Oct. 28, 1856. Dec. 8, 1857; Jan. 12, 1858; Nov. 16, 1858; and March 29, 1859. The recent improvements in these Tables make them unsurpassed in the world. They are now offered to scientific Billiard players as combining speed with truth never before obtained in any Billiard Table. Also

PHELAN'S NEW BOOK.—"The Game of Billiards," 4th edition, enlarged, revised, illustrated with additional diagrams and a portrait on steel of the author. Price, one dollar, elegantly bound, sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Address PHELAN & COLLENDER, 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby street.

GREAT BOOKS!!
NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOK
DON'T FAIL TO SEND FOR A
CATALOGUE
OUR NEW CATALOGUE NOW READY.
SENT FREE—POSTAGE PAID—ON APPLICATION
THE OLD ESTABLISHED AND ONLY RELIABLE BOOK,
AND SPORTING GOODS AGENCY,
Where orders are promptly and faithfully executed.
Address,
THOMAS ORMSBY,
Marble Buildings,
45 86 Nassau Street, New York.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.
J. H. FARRELL, Bookseller, 15 Ann street, New York.
Books of every variety, either Foreign or Domestic, furnished on application. Parties desiring books of any description, by sending address, post paid, will receive immediate attention. All Books, Sporting and Fancy Articles you may see avertised, will be furnished to order. Catalogues sent on application. Address J. H. FARRELL, Dealer in Books and Fancy Articles, No. 15 Ann street, New York. 43-tf

BOOKS ON LOVE, AS USUAL.—Catalogues sent free. No fraud practised. JOHN ATCHISON.
24 3mk* 93 Duane street, New York.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED BOOK AGENCY.—Orders respectfully solicited. Send for a Circular.
[44-tf] HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau street, New York.

"THE BIGGEST THING OUT."—Send twenty-five cents, and procure Our Great Bijou Package, containing Sketches, Songs, and a Rich Plate, which alone is worth three times the money, together with our Catalogues of Gay Books for Gay Boys. Remember that our Prices Can't Be Beat. Our large descriptive Catalogues sent on application to
EDGAR, MORPHY & Co., No 81 Nassau st, New York,
33 Late Charles Edgar & Co. Late J. B. Morphy & Co.

JAMES GOODWIN, Commission Paper Dealer, No. 110 JOHN STREET, near Cliff, New York.
News and Printing Paper manufactured to order at the shortest notice. 42 tf

HOW TO WIN AT CARDS.—Send your address and two red stamps to HOWARD M. GRAVES, New York City Post Office, and he will inform you of a SURE method of winning at ALL the various games. Try it, and get an answer by return mail. 40

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES IN EVERY STYLE.—Wholesale and retail. J. J. MURRAY,
19 Wall street, New York.
Orders puctually attended to. 45-41*

HELP FOR THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO TRY AND HELP THEMSELVES.—For one dollar, enclosed to DR. WILLIAMS, Box 279, Buffalo, N. Y., twelve powders will be returned by next mail, with full directions for using, which will obviate all those distressing sensations arising from the injudicious use of spirituous drinks. If you wish to be disenthralled from a damning habit, these will enable you to do so with but little or no inconvenience.
If the medicine does not have the effect claimed, the money will be refunded. 45 4t*

"DO YOU WANT WHISKERS OR MOUSTACHES?"—In 1852 I first asked this question. It was answered by numerous people; and I ask if any of them ever knew my Onguent to fail in doing all I claimed for it; namely: that it would compel the Beard or Moustache to grow upon the smoothest face within six weeks from the first application. Like all successful inventors, I have had to contend with a host of imitators, some of whom even go so far as to copy my advertisements. However, truth is mighty, and will prevail; and you, my beardless friends, will find that my Onguent is the only thing that will really force the Beard to grow, and will neither stain or injure the skin. I send it to any part of the country, free of postage, for $1.
48-1t* G. GRAHAM, No 109 Nassau street, N. Y.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES IN SIX WEEKS.—Send 25 cents in stamps for the BOOK OF WONDERS, containing the above, and over 500 other valuable receipts.
46 6t* L. F. SIMPSON, East Boston, Mass.

28C EACH (Silver).—Microscopes Magnifying 500 times. 5 of different powers, $1. Free by mail. Send 1c for circular. F. K. BOWERS, Box 220, Boston, Mass. 46 3m*

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.—The undersigned begs to state that he has on hand for sale, a very choice lot of Game Fowls, bred from imported stock, and warranted pure.
In the assortment may be found Cocks and Hens, Stags and Pullets, bred from Sefton hens and the Berkely blue red cock; also Berkely Piles, with a fine lot of pure Sefton brown reds; there is also one two year old Paulet black red cock, weighing 8lbs 8oz.; a remarkably fine cock for any gentleman desirous of raising Shakebags.
The fowls are all in tip-top condition, and perfectly free from disease. Those intended to be bred this season should be put together at the earliest possible moment. For further particulars address
J. R. ASHFORD,
46-3t 607 Callowhill street, Philadelphia.

BOOKS of an interesting character.—Send stamps for Circulars. WM. EVERETT & CO., 40 Ann st., N. Y. 47-2t*